



FEATURE

COMICS

JULY

STARRING
THE DOLL MAN



No. 34 10c



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

FELLOWS, HERE'S YOUR BIKE!



There was a boy in our town
And he was wondrous wise,
He bought himself a Schwinn-Built bike
And showed the other guys!



With Schwinn's exclusive Fore-Wheel Brake
And Rear Expander, too,
It was the very safest bike
That his gang ever knew.



In spite of all its beauty,
He never knew theft's sorrow,
Protected by Schwinn's Cyclock
No one but friends could borrow.



And so, because a Schwinn-Built bike
Will never let you down,
Just take your choice and you will be
The leader in your town.



Boy! What a bike! Just think
what the gang will say when you
spring this one on them!

And here's how! Get the
Schwinn-Built Bicycle Buyers'
Guide and show it to Dad! Pic-
tures galore, in natural color! 24
pages of reasons why you should
have a Schwinn-Built bike! Mail
coupon for free copy of this valu-
able booklet TODAY!

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The DOLLMAN

The smallest living human in the world

DARREL DANE, WHO IS THE DOLLMAN FIGHTS LAWLESSNESS, AND HIS CLOSE FRIEND, DR. ROBERTS, HEAD MES IN SEARCH OF A NEW MEDICINAL HERB.

BY WILLIAM EMMETT PATTERSON

Darrel Dane Dollman

A YOUNG SCIENTIST WHO HAS DISCOVERED A FORMULA THAT REDUCES HIS SIZE TO THAT OF A TINY DOLL.

Dr. Roberts
FRIEND OF THE DOLLMAN.

ONE OF THE FEW WHO KNOW WHO THE DOLLMAN REALLY IS...

CEDAR JUNCTION

LOOK, DARREL, THERE'S SOMEONE WAITING FOR US.

HE MUST BE THE OLD INDIAN WAMPUM. TOD WROTE ME ABOUT.

HOW! ME FROM TOD GUNTHER PLACE. YOU COME TO CAR, I TAKUM YOU TO HIM.

THANKS, WAMPUM.

TELL ME, WAMPUM, HOW ARE THINGS AT THE RANCH?

UGH! HEAP BAD, EVIL LUCK.

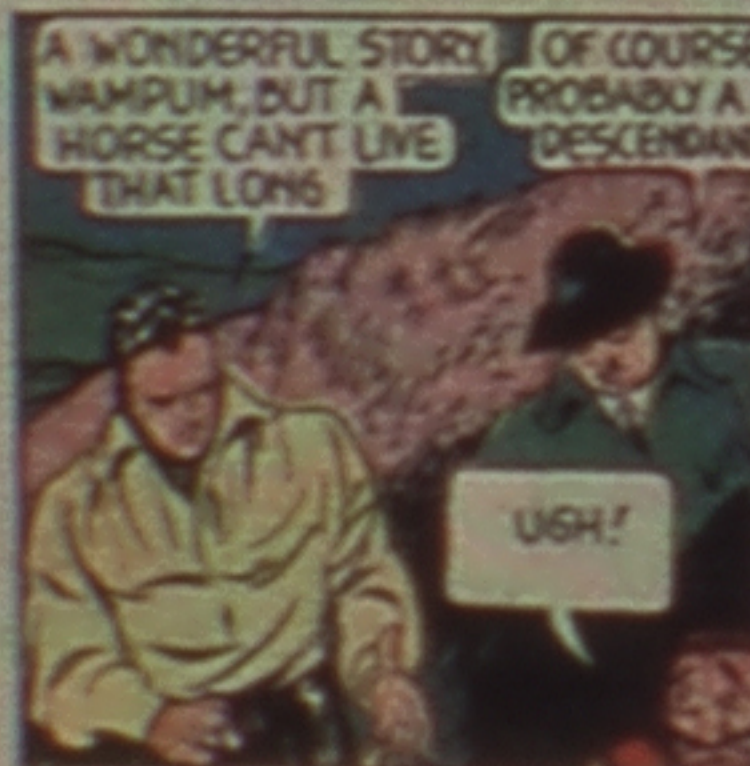
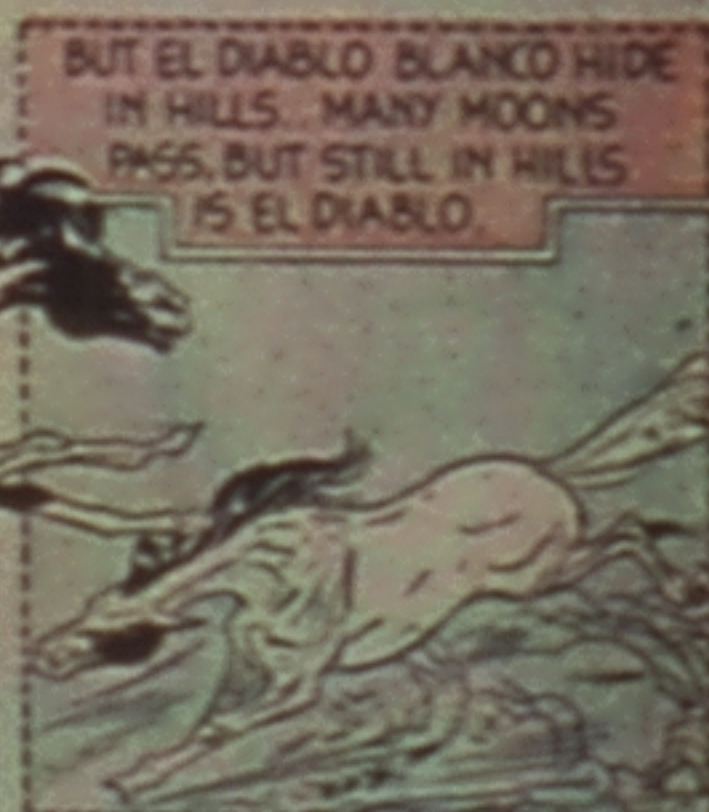
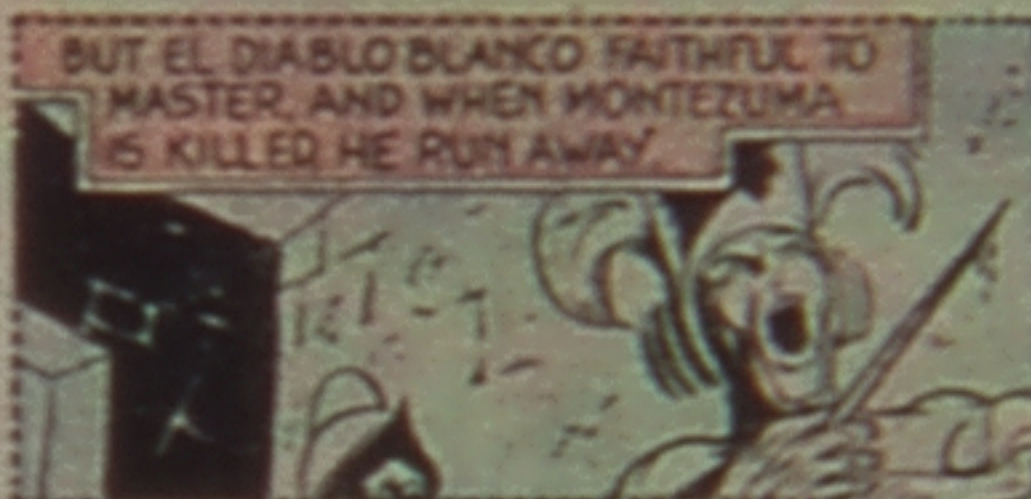
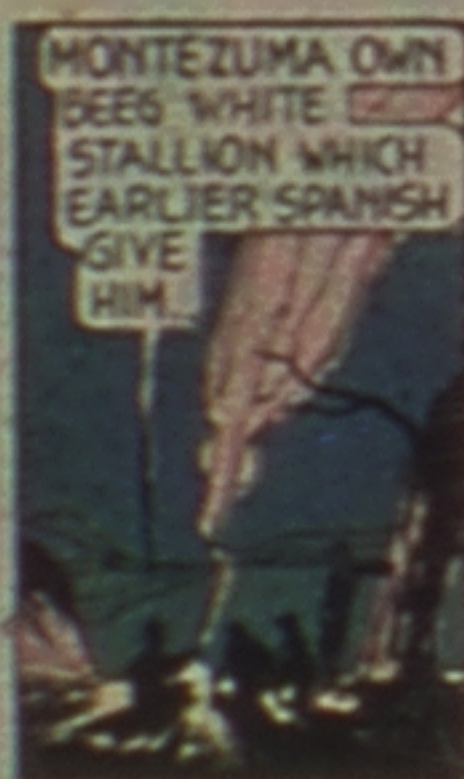
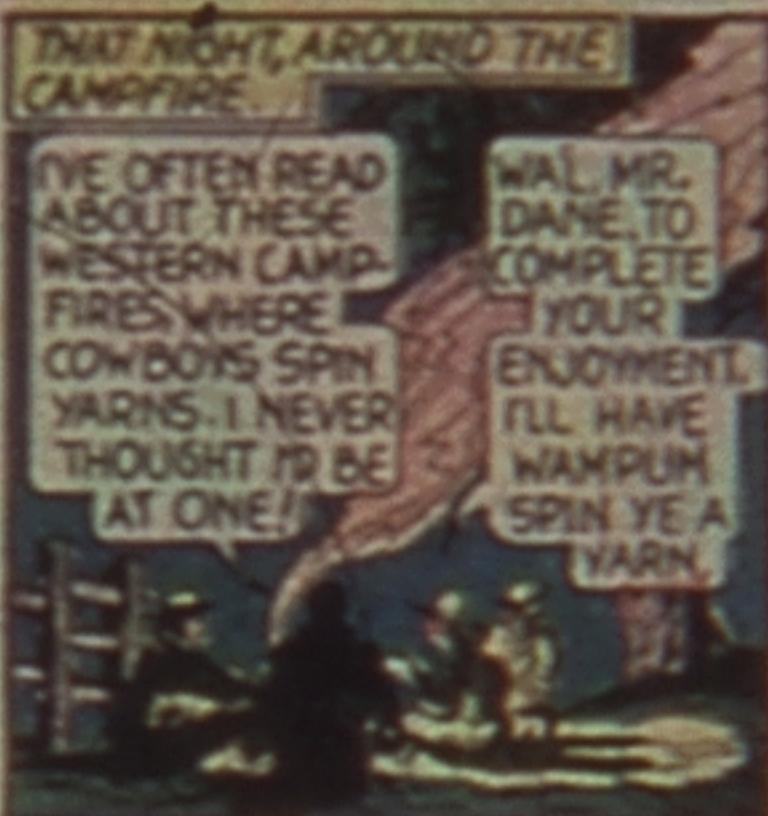
CROPS BAD, DUSTY STORMS KILLUM CATTLE, PRICES BAD, MORTGAGE SOON DUE, NO MONEY FOR TO PAY/UGH! OTHERWISE, EVERYTHING HOTSY DOOKLE!

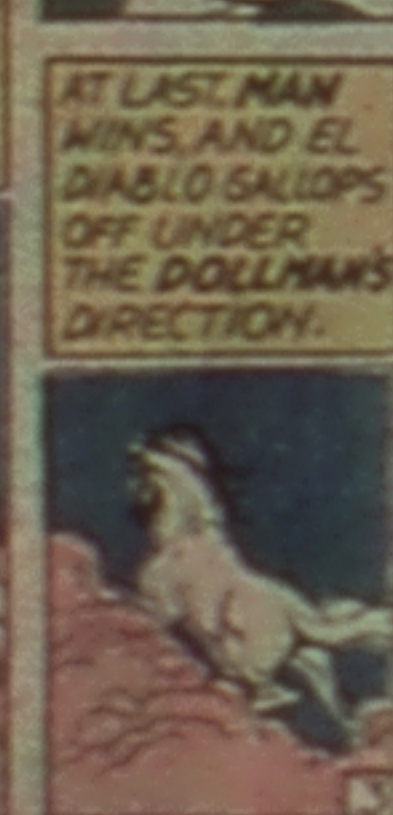
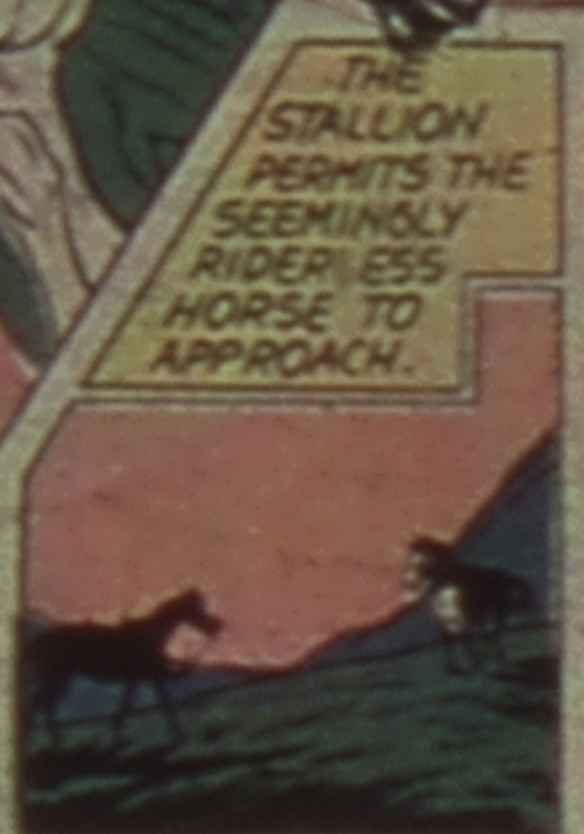
TOD!

ROBERTS, YOU OLD MAVERICK! IT'S RIGHT GOOD TO SEE YOU!

THIS IS DARREL DANE, MY ASSISTANT.

RIGHT! PLEASED TO MEET YOU! COME ON UP TUH THE HOUSE!





SOON HE TROTS
OBEDIENTLY
BEHIND WAMPUM
WHO IS UNAWARE
OF COMPANY.



MIST DANE
NOT COME
BACK!

MEBBE HE RIDE UM OFF
HIM SMART FALLER.
UGH! NEVER CATCHUM
EL DIABLO!

WHO SAID
SO?



HERE I AM, EL
DIABLO IN
PERSON!



DLOP!



DID I
FRIGHTEN
YOU?

N-N NO NOT
FRIGHTEN!



ONLY NOT USED TO
HEARUM HORSE
TALK!



WAIT A MINUTE
I WANT TO BE
FRIENDLY!



ME TAKUM YOU BACK
TO RANCH... YES PLEASE!
MISTER HORSE!

OF COURSE.



BUT WHEN WAMPUM
RETURNS TO THE RANCH,
HE IS GREETED BY
QUINCY GREGG.



LOOK HERE, IN JUN, YOU TELL YOUR
BOSS, GUNTHER, THAT UNLESS HE PAYS ME
MY DOUGH, I'LL FORECLOSE! I'VE BEEN
WAITIN TO GET MY HANDS ON THIS RANCH!



H'M SO THIS IS
GREGG? HE LOOKS LIKE
HED FORECLOSE
ON HIS OWN
MOTHER!



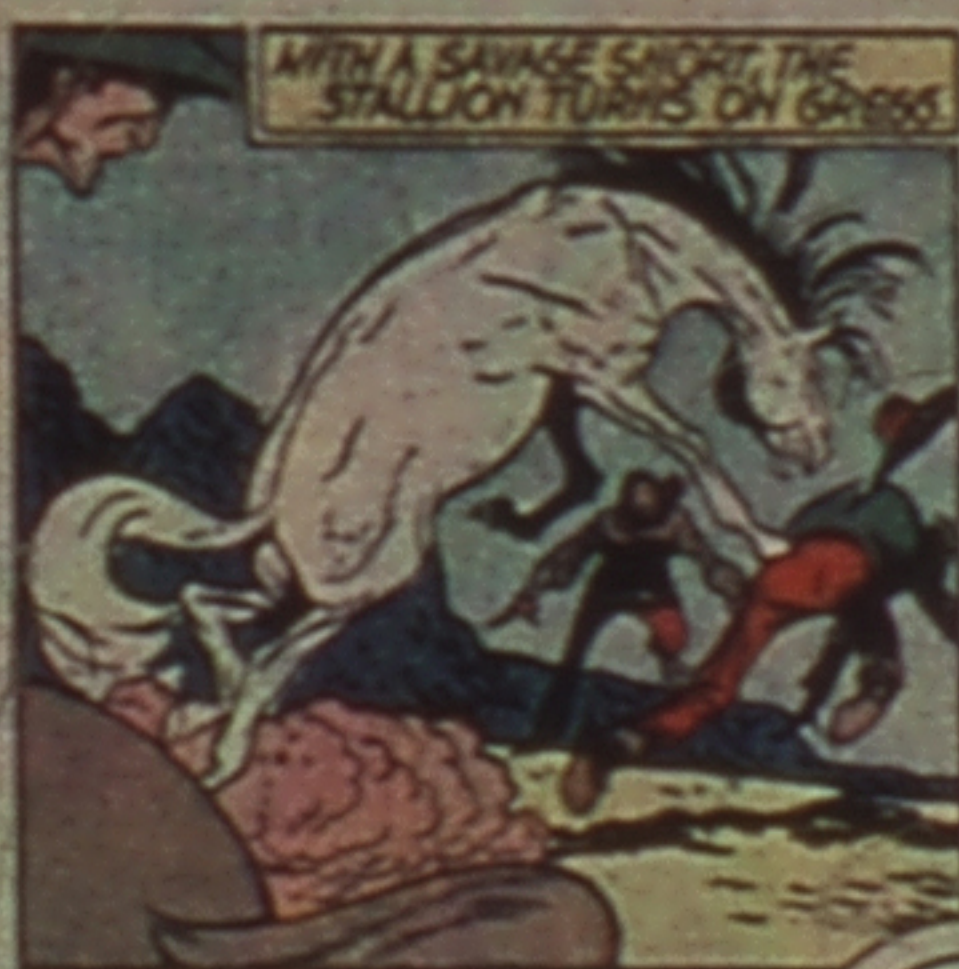
WELL, WELL, NICE HOSS... GUESS
I'LL OWN HIM
TOO!

YOU NOT TAKE
UM!



SEIZ YOU HERE!
LET ME LOOK
AT HIS TEETH.
WHOA!

LET UM
ALONE!



WITH A SAVAGE SNORT, THE
STALLION TURNS ON GREGG.



HEAD
FUNNY.
YOU GOT
A LESSON!

LET ME
DOWN,
YOU
PREF!



NOW YOU GO PRONTO! THIS
NOT YOUR LAND
YET!



ALL RIGHT, INJUN, BUT
REMEMBER THIS: I'LL
OWN YOU TOO WHEN
I GET THIS
RANCH.

THERE
MUST BE A
WAY TO STOP
HIM.



THAT MUST BE
THE HORSE THEY'RE
GONNA ENTER IN
THE RACE
TOMORROW.



AT THE CORRAL

GREGG'S BEEN TRYING
TO GET MY RANCH FOR
YEARS, IN EVERY
CROOKED WAY HE
COULD THINK OF.



I'M A PLANNIN' TUH ENTER A
HOSS IN THE RACE
TOMORROW. EFN'
I WIN, I'LL BE ABLE
TO PAY GREGG
OFF.

THAT'S A
LONG
GAMBLE,
TOO.



I'M NOT A RICH MAN,
BUT IF YOU DON'T
WIN, I'LL DO ALL I
CAN TO HELP.



THAT'S MIGHTY WHITE O' YOU
ROBERTS. I DON'T RECKON
MY HOSS'LL
WIN. HEY
LOOK! YONDER!



IT'S THE WHITE STALLION!
YIPPEE! NOW I KNOW
I'M GONNA WIN
THE RACE.

USH!
GOTTUM EL
DIABLO.



HOW'D YE
KETCH HIM?

ME NOT
COTCH HIM.
HIM COME
UP AN' TALK
LIKE
MAN!



MEANWHILE, THE DOLLMAN PAYS AN UNANNOUNCED VISIT TO THE RANCH OF QUINCY GRESS.....



THE NEXT MORNING, THE LITTLE PARTY SETS OUT.

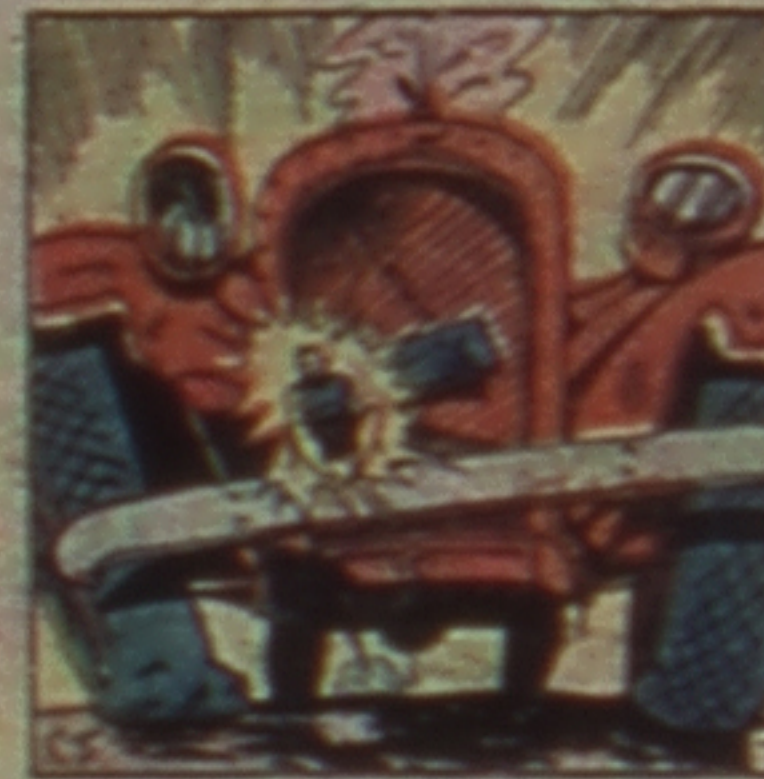


ON THE ROAD AHEAD, GRESS'S MEN ARE BUSY WEAKENING THE BRIDGE.



SUDDENLY THE DOLLMAN SPRINGS FROM A TINY CREVICE.





THEY ARRIVE SAFELY AT THE TRACK.



HAW! LOOK THERE!
THAT FUNNY OLD
INJUN'S GONNA
BE TOD'S
JOCKEY!

HAW
HAW!



LOOK AT
THAT HOSS!
HE'S A
BEAUTY!

A HORN SUMMONS THE HORSES TO THEIR PLACES.



THEY'RE OFF!
WHAT A RACE, LADIES
AND GENTLEMEN!
TOD'S EL DIABLO IS
LEAVING THE REST
BEHIND! WHAT A
HORSE!



HOW'D THEY GET
IN THE RACE?

DUNNO,
GREGG!



WELL, I'LL STOP HIM MY
OWN WAY!



THE INDIAN, CLUTCHING AT HIS
WOUND, SWAYS IN HIS SADDLE.



I'M A FOOL FOR NOT
GUESSING WHAT GREGG
WOULD DO!



I'VE GOT TO
SAVE THIS
RACE FOR
TOD!



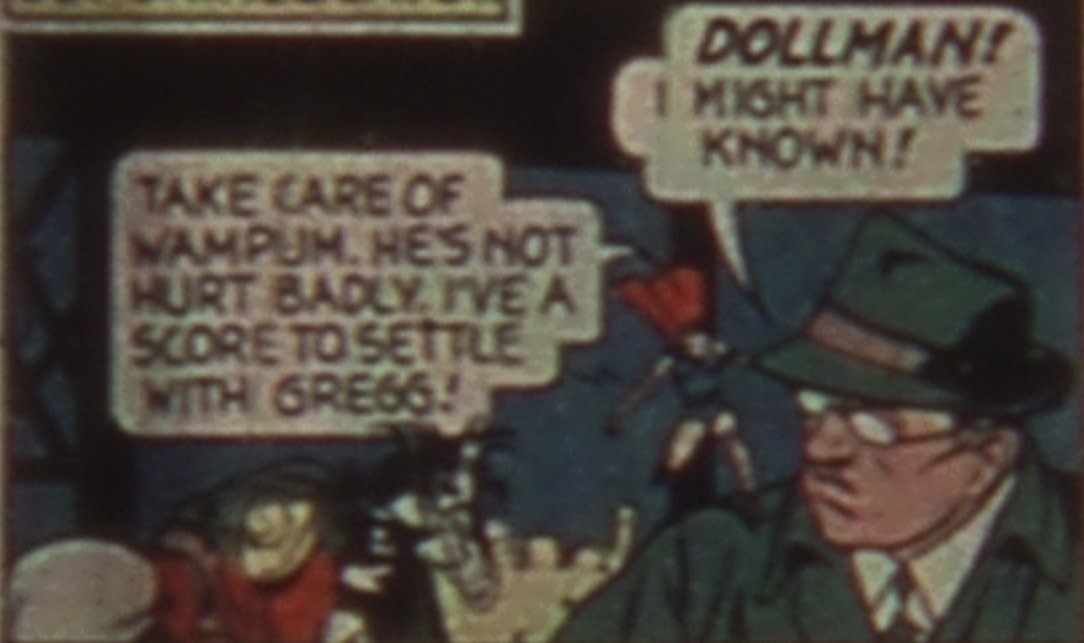
DEFTLY, THE DOLLMAN TIES THE
WOUNDED WAMPUM IN PLACE...



AND AN UNCONSCIOUS INDIAN
RIDES EL DIABLO BLANCO TO
VICTORY!



AN EXCITED CROWD SURGES ABOUT THE WOUNDED INDIAN. THE DOLLMAN SEEKS OUT DR. ROBERTS.



TAKE CARE OF WAMPUM. HE'S NOT HURT BADLY. I'VE A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH GREGG!

DOLLMAN!
I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN!

SUDDENLY, EL DIABLO REARS...



WITH THE DOLLMAN IN THE SADDLE HE IS OFF



THEY SOON COME UP BEHIND THE FLEEING GREGG.



THE DOLLMAN!

YES, YOU MURDERING RAT!



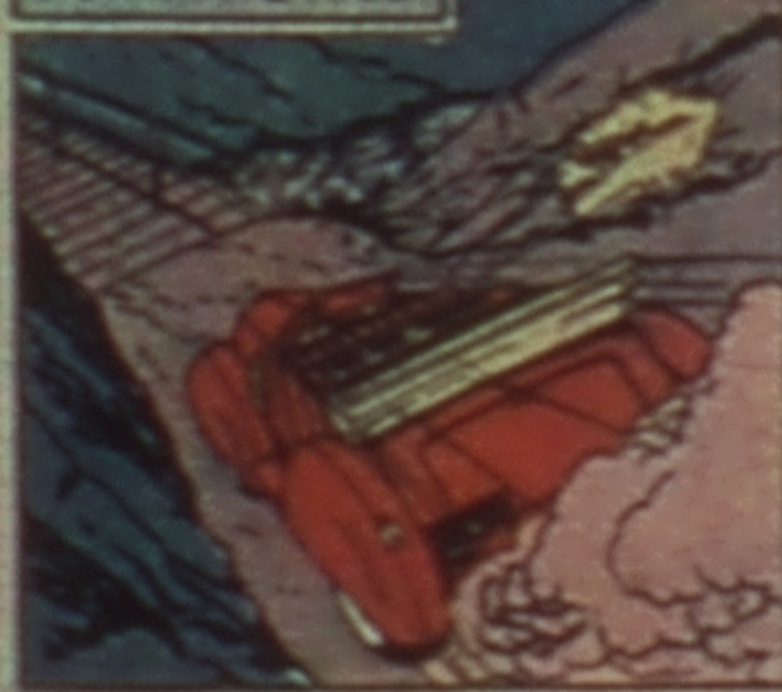
YOU'VE HAD THIS COMING FOR A LONG TIME!



THE CAR OUT OF CONTROL CAR-RENS MADLY TO THE OLD BRIDGE



IN A CLOUD OF DUST, IT LURCHES DOWN THE HILL.



THE NEXT DAY...

THE WOODEN BRIDGE, WEAKENED BY GREGG'S MEN, CAVES IN UNDER THE WEIGHT.

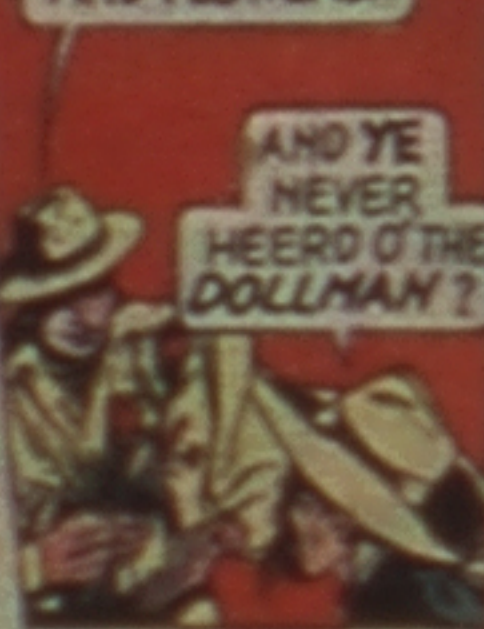


YEAH, WHEN THEY FOUND GREGG, HE COULD ONLY SAY ONE WORD 'AFORE HE DIED, 'DOLLMAN.

WONDER WHO... LOOK, THERE IS DARREL! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?



OUT PICKING HERBS AND FLOWERS!



WHY-ER-NO, NEVER HEARD OF HIM!!



CAPTAIN FORTUNE

by
VERNON
HENKEL

THE "REVENGE," CARRYING CAPTAIN FORTUNE AND HIS PIRATE HUNTERS, CUTS BOLDLY THROUGH THE CALM WATERS OF THE CARIBBEAN SEA.



KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR LAND, KENTSHIRE... WHERE WE MAY TAKE ON FRESH WATER!

AYE, FORTUNE!



LATER - AS THE SUN BEGINS TO SINK IN THE WEST...

LAND HO!



AN UNCHARTED ISLAND! SHE HAS A QUEER LOOK, FORTUNE!

AYE... BUT WE'RE SORE IN NEED OF WATER... WE'LL GO ASHORE!



NIGHTFALL FINDS THE CREW OF THE REVENGE HUDDLED ON THE ISLAND...



'TIS DAWN! THERE WILL BE WATER IN THE HILLS OVER THERE... ORDER THE MEN TO FILL THE SHIP'S CASKS... THEN COME WITH ME, KENTSHIRE!



ONCE ATOP THAT CLIFF, WE'LL BE ABLE TO SEE IF THERE ARE ANY VILLAGES BEYOND.



REACHING THE LOFTY HEIGHTS AFTER A DIFFICULT CLIMB, FORTUNE AND KENTSHIRE NOW BEHOLD A STRANGE SIGHT...



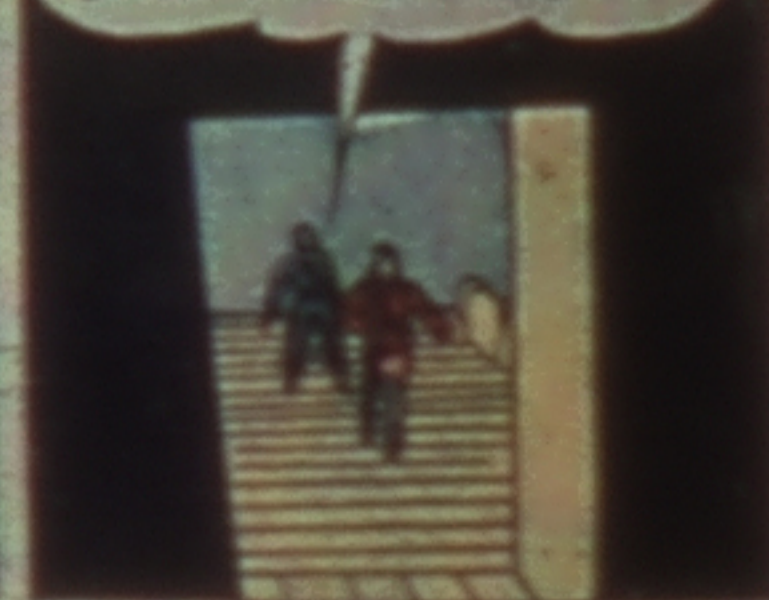
LOOK! AN OLD CITY!

IF WE GO DOWN THERE SHALL WE TAKE A FEW MEN WITH US?

NO! 'TIS ONLY A DEAD DESERTED CITY... THERE WILL BE NO DANGER!



I HAVE A FEELING THAT THIS IS DANGEROUS FORTUNE... LET US TURN BACK WHILE WE CAN!



FORTUNE AND KENTSHIRE ENTER AN OLD TEMPLE...

GOLD, KENTSHIRE!
GOLD! THIS WHOLE
PLACE IS MADE OF IT!

...THEN A HEAVY RUMBLE
FILLS THE ROOM...

FORTUNE! THE DOORS!
THEY ARE
CLOSING!

AYE!
AND
LOOK
OVER
HERE!

OH INVADERS OF THE
SACRED TEMPLE OF
TAFU, PREPARE TO
DIE!

AT A SIGNAL FROM THE
HIGH PRIEST A SCORE OF
MEN DART FROM THE
SHADOWS!

YOUR FEARS WERE
RIGHT, KENTSHIRE! USE
YOUR STEEL, LAD!

THERE ARE
TOO MANY
FOR US!

BUT THERE
IS NO
ESCAPE!

SOON FORTUNE AND KENT-
SHIRE ARE OVERPOWERED.

PUT THEM TO
DEATH... AT ONCE!

...BUT THE PRIEST'S SHARP
COMMAND IS INTERRUPTED.

NOT
SO FAST!

THEY WAIT AND DIE AS
A SACRIFICE TO TAFU
AT HIGH NOON TOMORROW
NOW TAKE THEM TO
THE DUNGEON!

IF ONLY WE COULD
GET WORD TO OUR
CREW!

BUT 'TIS
IMPOSSIBLE!

NEAR DAWN, A MONSTROUS
FIGURE SCALES THE
WALL OF THE ANCIENT
CITY!

THE GUARDS FLEE IN
TERROR AS THE MONSTER
STALKS TOWARDS THE
TEMPLE...



AND INTO THE QUEEN'S
CHAMBER...



FROM HIS CELL WINDOW
CAPTAIN FORTUNE SEES...



QUICK! THE TEMPLE
GUARDS ARE IN A STATE
OF CONFUSION! IF WE
CAN GET OUT OF HERE,
LEND ME A HAND!



THAT
DOES
IT!

LET US
HURRY!



THE GUARDS!
I'LL HOLD THEM
OFF, FORTUNE...
HURRY FOR
THE CREW!

I WILL!
GOOD
LUCK!



IF FORTUNE
ESCAPES,
I LIVE!



OUTSIDE THE CITY WALLS...

A WOMAN'S TRACKS
WITH THESE OTHERS
IN THE SAND! I'LL
FOLLOW THEM!

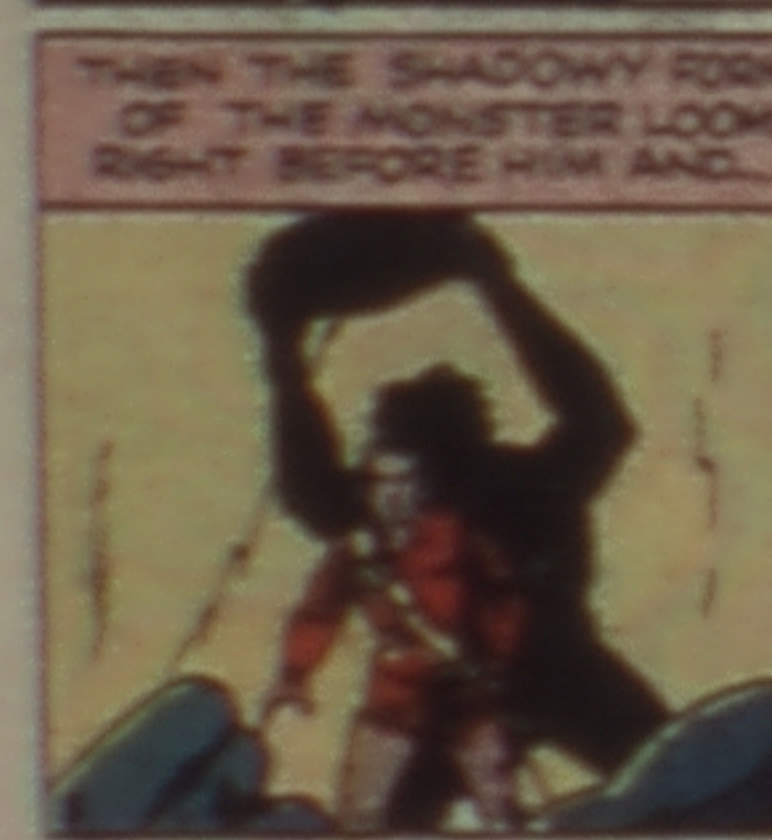


AS FORTUNE HEARS A
ROCKY SLOPE HE STOOPS
AND...

A SCRAP OF SILK
AND A WOMAN'S
SANDAL!



THEN THE SHADOWY FORM
OF THE MONSTER LOOKS
RIGHT BEFORE HIM AND...



THAT
WAS
CLOSE!



AH! THE QUEEN!
RELEASE HER,
YOU DOG!





BIG TOP

THE BOSS MUST HAVE A NEW IDEA, BILL - HE TOLD ME TO WEAR THIS FARMER MAKE-UP!

YEAH - AM I SUPPOSED TO BE YOUR WIFE?

NOW - IN THIS ACT YOU'RE A FARMER, BUTCH - AND BILL HERE IS YOUR WIFE WHO GETS LOST IN THE CROWD -



LATER:

SOPHRONIE! WHERE ARE YOU?



OH - THERE YOU ARE!



BLESS YOU - BY ORACHIE! I THOUGHT I'D LOST YOU!



BUT YOU OUGHTA KNOW BETTER THAN T'WANDER OFF - BY HECK! I GOTTA GOOD MIND TO -



SPANK YOU HERE AND NOW!



BUTCH - YOU GOT THE WRONG DAME!

YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS, YOU LUNATIC!



LATER, IN BUTCH'S TENT...

NOW, HOW THE HECK COULD I HAVE MADE THAT MISTAKE!

HEY! THE BOSS WANTS T'SEE YOU!



SO HELP ME, BOSS - I THOUGHT THE DAME WAS BILL - A NATURAL MISTAKE!

DO YOU WANT TO KNOW WHO THAT DAME WAS YOU SAID??



THAT WAS BETTY MCBUFF, ONE OF THE RICHEST WOMEN IN THE WORLD -



AND THE REAL OWNER OF THIS CIRCUS!

CAN I HELP IT IF I'M NEAR-SIGHTED?



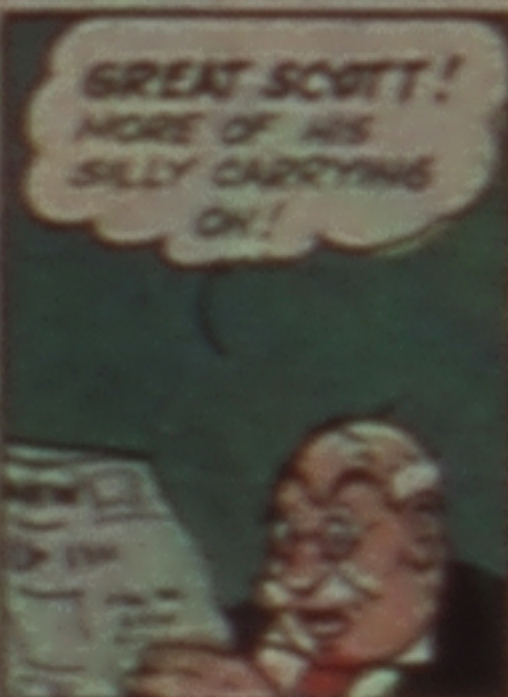
MAYBE YOU ARE! BUT I AINT!



BIG TOP



IN A
STYLISH
MANSION
ON
THE
NORTH
SIDE
OF ONE
OF OUR
BEST
CITIES.



GREAT SCOTT!
MORE OF HIS
SILLY CARRYING
ON!



"MILLIONAIRE PLAYBOY
HITCHES HORSES TO STREET
CLEANERS CART —
AND TRIES TO SHAVE
BEARD OFF STATUE OF
SHAKESPEARE!

WELL,
MY
FRIENDS,
THEY...



YOU EITHER GIVE UP
THOSE CRACKPOT
FRIENDS OR
I'LL DISHERIT
YOU!

YES
SIR,
BUT...



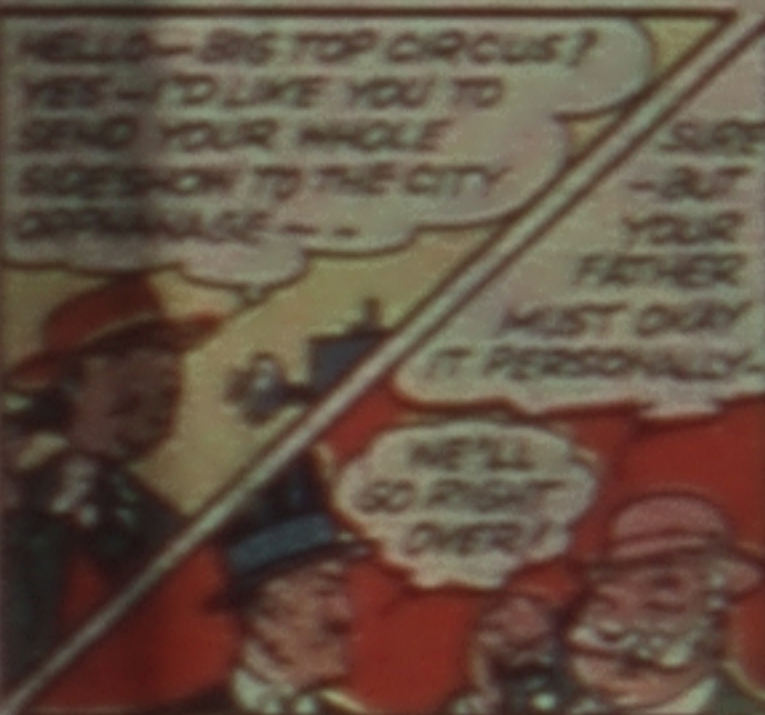
GET OUT AND FIND
SOME SANE
PURPOSE
IN LIFE!



DAD IS RIGHT! — PLAIN HOME-
SPUN COMPANIONS AND
GOOD DEEDS FROM
NOW ON!



THAT GIVES ME
AN IDEA THAT
WILL PLEASE
DAD AND SET
ME IN SOLID
WITH HIM
AGAIN!



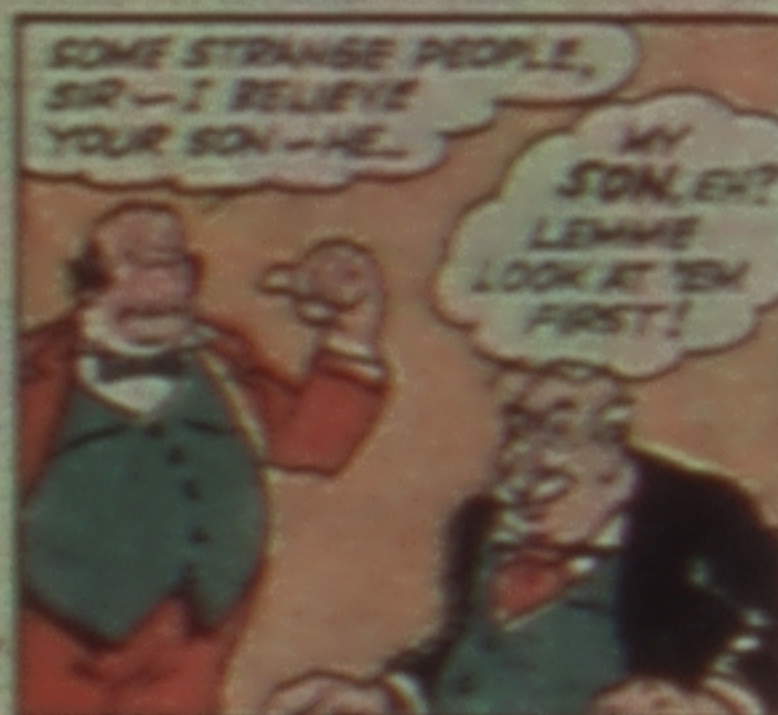
HELLO — BIG TOP CIRCUS?
YES — I'D LIKE YOU TO
SEND YOUR WHOLE
SIDESHOW TO THE CITY
OPPHANAGE —

SURE
— BUT
YOUR
FATHER
MUST OKAY
IT PERSONALLY.

WE'LL
GO RIGHT
OVER!



THE OLD GENT WILL
BE OVERJOYED AT
THIS COMPLETE
CHANGE IN MY
BEHAVIOR!



SOME STRANGE PEOPLE,
SIR — I BELIEVE
YOUR SON — HE...

MY
SON, EH?
LEMMIE
LOOK AT 'EM
FIRST!



GREAT
ORDER'S
PANTS!



MY OLD
MAN HADDA BE
CHAMP PUNTER
IN HIS COLLEGE
DAYS!

ZERO

GHOST DETECTIVE

BY
NOEL FOWLER

THE TOWNFOLK OF COOLNOOK ARE WELL PLEASED WITH THE FIRST SERMON DELIVERED BY THEIR NEW MINISTER, REVEREND ATWELL...

HE IS COMPLIMENTED BY MANY.

I'M GLAD I WAS ABLE TO PLEASE MY PEOPLE!

AND WE ALL HOPE YOU WILL BE WITH US A LONG TIME, REVEREND ATWELL.

WE NEVER COULD KEEP A MINISTER LONG... THE CHURCH IS HAUNTED!

NONSENSE, ISN'T IT, JEAN?

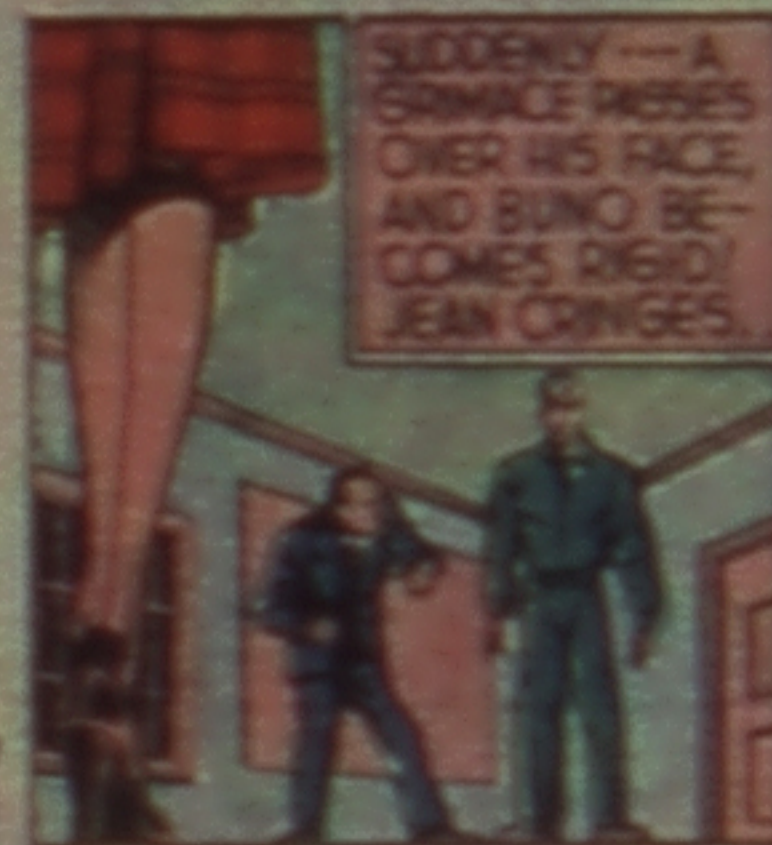
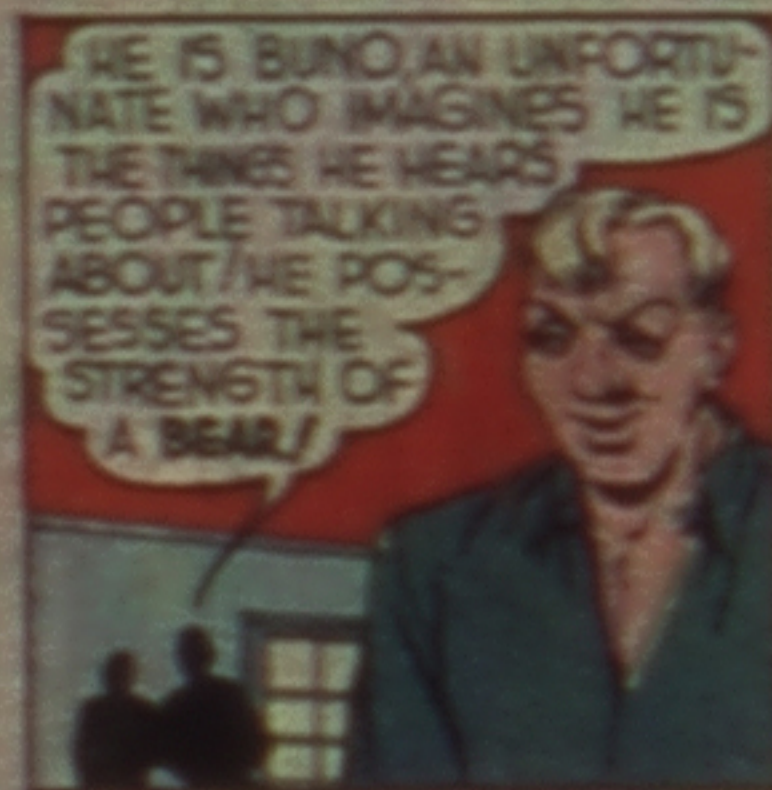
BUT HOURS LATER, REV. ATWELL AWAKES IN THE DEAD OF THE NIGHT/SOMETHING SEEMS TO BE KNOCKING AT HIS HEAD!

UNAWARE OF THE MAID'S PRESENCE HE TELLS JEAN OF THE INCESSANT KNOCKING.

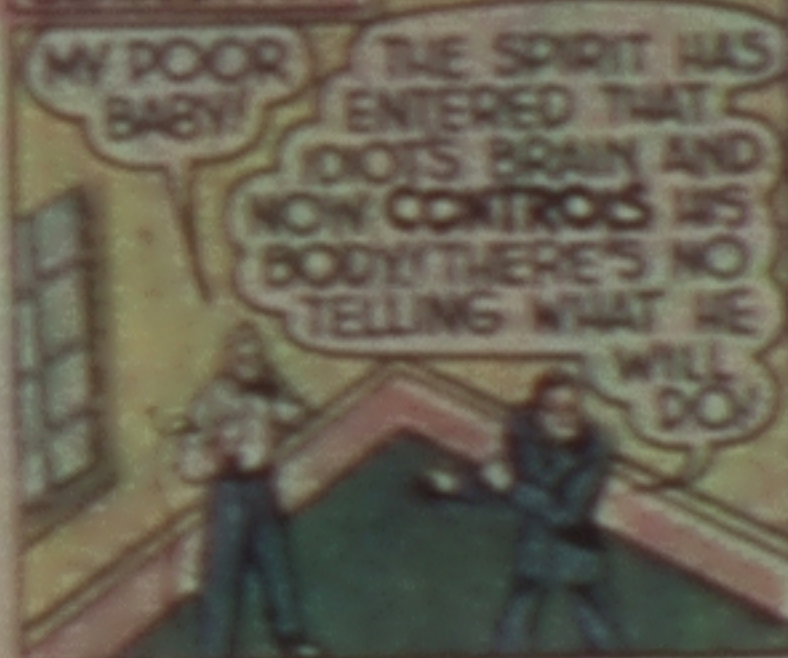
HE'S GOT KNOCKS IN HIS HEAD!

HE'S CRAZY!

A FEW DAYS LATER AN ASYLUM IS NOTIFIED... THE STRAIGHT-JACKET WILL KEEP THE KNOCKS AWAY!



THE MINISTER SUDDENLY FINDS THE KNOCKS IN HIS HEAD HAVE CEASED.....



THE SPIRIT HAS ENTERED THAT IDIOT'S BRAIN AND NOW CONTROLS HIS BODY! THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT HE WILL DO!

ZERO HASTILY DEPARTS FROM THE ASYLUM.....

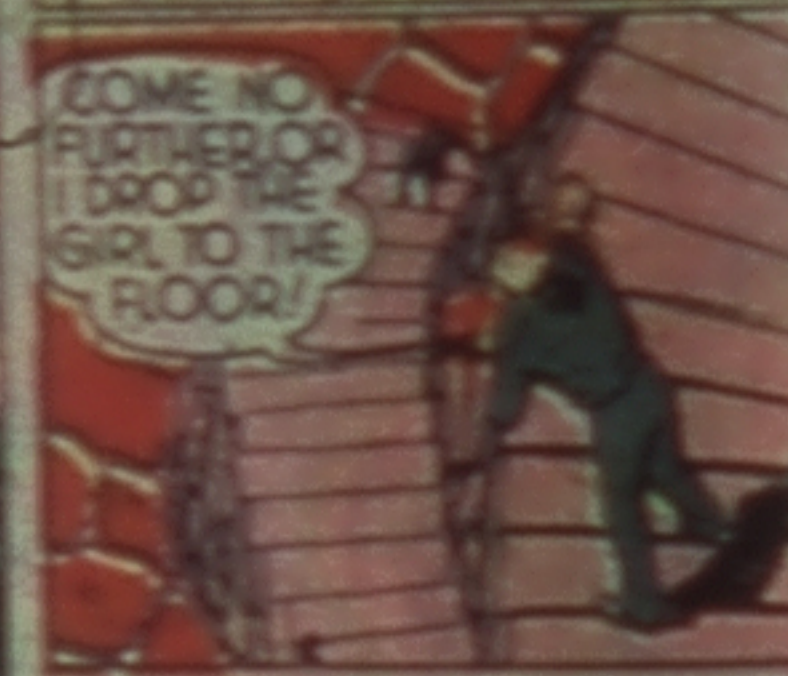


HE'S HEADING FOR THE CHURCH!

WHAT WOULD A SPIRIT BE DOING IN A CHURCH?



THE DETECTIVE FOLLOWS THE IDIOT INTO THE CHURCH.....



COME NO FURTHER OR I DROP THE GIRL TO THE FLOOR!

MY TREASURE IS HERE AND I WILL STAY HERE TO GUARD IT!



BUT WHY MUST YOU HAVE THE GIRL?

ZERO ADDRESSES THE EVIL SPIRIT WITHIN BUNDS BODY



I SHALL TAKE HER LIFE, SHOULD ANY ONE TRY TO DESTROY THIS BODY WHICH I NOW RULE! I ADVISE YOU TO LEAVE PEACEABLY!

ZERO GLOOMILY LEAVES.....



IF THE TREASURE IS FOUND AND BLESSED, THE SPIRIT WILL BE FORCED TO RETURN TO ITS GRAVE.

MEANWHILE THE GHOST-IDIOT TAKES JEAN UP INTO THE BELFRY.....



LEAVING HER BOUND HE APPROACHES THE BELLS.....



AND NOW TO SUMMON THE SPIRITS OF MY COHORTS!

NIGHTFALL REVEALS SHADOWY GROTESQUE FORMS MAKING THEIR WAY TO THE CHURCH!



IN THE BELL TOWER THE GIRL IS STILL TIGHTLY BOUND



THEIR CRIES AND THE BELLS TOLL ATTRACT A FORMIDABLE CROWD. ZERO WAGS AGAINST ENTERING THE CHURCH.



BUT JEAN WILL BE KIDNAPED! MY WIFE! FLAT-FOOT! IF THE OTHERS DON'T FOLLOW, I'LL GO IN ALONE!



NO KIDNAPERS GONNA KEEP A GIRL IN OUR CHURCH!

WAIT!! STOP! I'LL-



ZERO FOLLOWS HIM INTO THE CHURCH BUT A GHASTLY SIGHT STOPS HIM IN HIS TRACKS!

TOO LATE! POOR FELLOW...



BEFORE HE CAN LEAVE, ZERO IS SURROUNDED BY THE SHADOWY FIGURES...



IF THIS MIRROR DOESN'T WORK...



ZERO QUICKLY WHIPS OUT THE SINGLE, DEADLY ANTIDOTE FOR GHOSTS: A MIRROR MARKED WITH A CROSS.

WITH HOWLS AND SARIKS, THE GHOSTS DISPERSE AND QUICKLY DISAPPEAR.

BUNO!



FEVERISHLY, THE DETECTIVE FLEES FROM THE GHOST-IDIOT...



SORRY TO DO THIS, BUT IT'S EITHER YOU OR ME!



THE BROKEN ROOF RELEASES
ONE OF THE BELLS

THE HEAVY BELL CRASHES ON
THE STEPS AND TRAPS THE UN-
FORTUNATE IDIOT.

AN OPEN CRACK IN THE STEPS
REVEALS A
SMALL FOR-
TUNE IN
MONEY!

NOW THAT IT'S BEEN
FOUND THE MONEY
WILL BE TURNED
OVER TO THE
CHURCH!

IT RIGHTFULLY BELONGS
THERE... A LONG TIME
AGO, I STOLE IT FROM
THE CHURCH AND AN
INNOCENT CASHIER
WAS SENT TO PRISON,
WHERE HE DIED! I
RETURN TO MY
GRAVE NOW,
FOREVER!

THE EVIL SPIRIT
WITHIN BUNO
SPEAKS!

THE
TREASURE!

RELIEVED OF THE SPIRIT, BUNO
IS AGAIN HARMLESS.

NOW TO GET
JEAN...

I'LL BE ALL RIGHT, MR.
ZERO, THE SHAK-
INESS IS LEAV-
ING ME!

BUNO IS TAKEN
BACK TO THE
ASYLUM...

LATER WHEN THE MINISTER HAS BEEN
PROVEN SANE, HE IS ONCE MORE VERY
WARMLY RECEIVED BY THE TOWNFOLK.

I STILL CANNOT
ACCEPT YOUR THEORIES
ON THE SUPERNATURAL,
BUT PLEASE ACCEPT
OUR HEARTIEST
THANKS!

IT WAS A
PLEASURE
TO SERVE
YOU AND
YOUR
CHARMING
DAUGHTER.

WHEN ZERO
DEPARTS, HE
LEAVES BE-
HIND A HAPPY
MAN AND A
VERY FLAT-
TERED GIRL.

REYNOLDS OF THE MOUNTED

Art Pinyan

A FIERCE FOREST FIRE RAGES IN WOLF HEAD'S BAY AS THE VILLAGERS FIGHT DESPERATELY TO SAVE THEIR HOMES.

SERGEANT—THERE'S TROUBLE AT WOLF HEAD'S BAY—FIRST SEVERAL ROBBERIES AND NOW A FOREST FIRE.



AT MOUNTIE HEADQUARTERS...

THERE'S BEEN REPORTS IT'S THE WORK OF A WILDMAN WHO LIVES IN THE HILLS—YOU'VE GOT TO GET HIM, SERGEANT—HE MAY TURN TO MURDER NEXT!



A WILDMAN, EH?

HOURS LATER—AS REYNOLDS FLIES OVER WOLF HEAD'S BAY...



JIM! LOOK—THAT PARKS IN FLAMES—QUICK... MAKE A LANDING!!

GOSH—WHAT A BLAZE, EH SERGEANT?



I'LL BET IT'S THE WORK OF THAT WILDMAN—

MOUNTIE—MY NAME IS JEAN... I SEE WILDMAN START FIRE AND THEN RUN INTO HILLS WHERE HE LIVE!



THAT SETTLES IT—

JEAN—TAKE ME TO THE NEAREST CABIN... I'M GOING TO STAY THERE UNTIL THE WILDMAN SHOWS UP AGAIN!



SURE—FOLLOW ME, MOUNTIE.

YOU CAN STAY HERE AS LONG AS YOU LIKE, MOUNTIE!

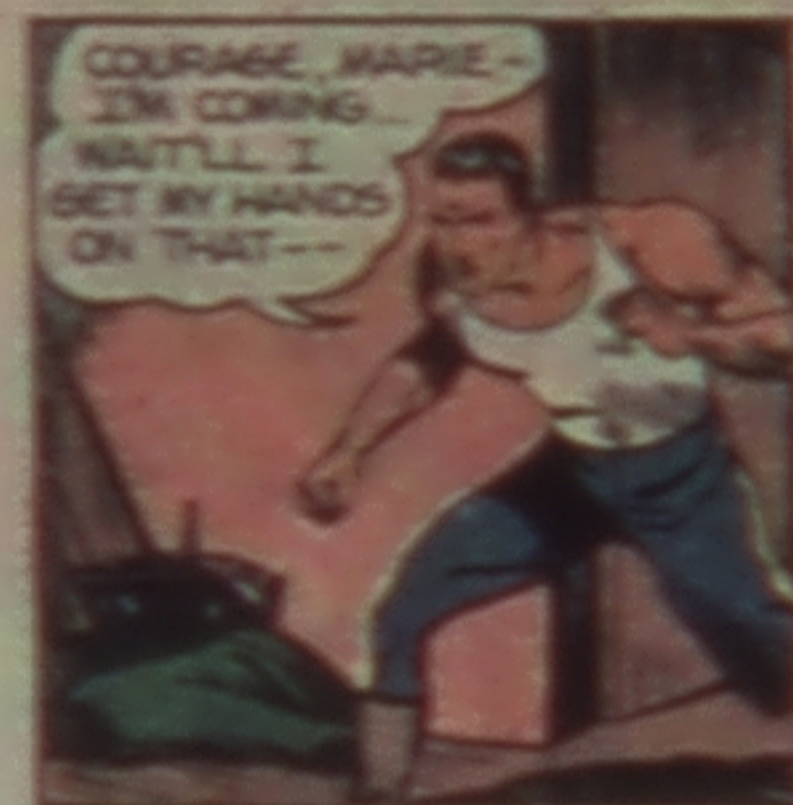


AT THE CABIN OF MADAM DU BOIS...

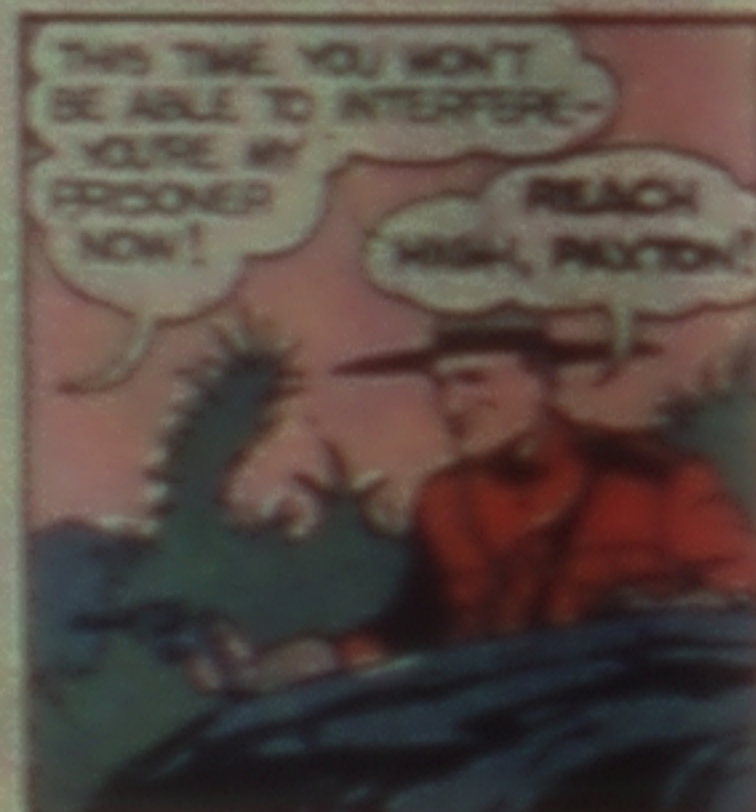
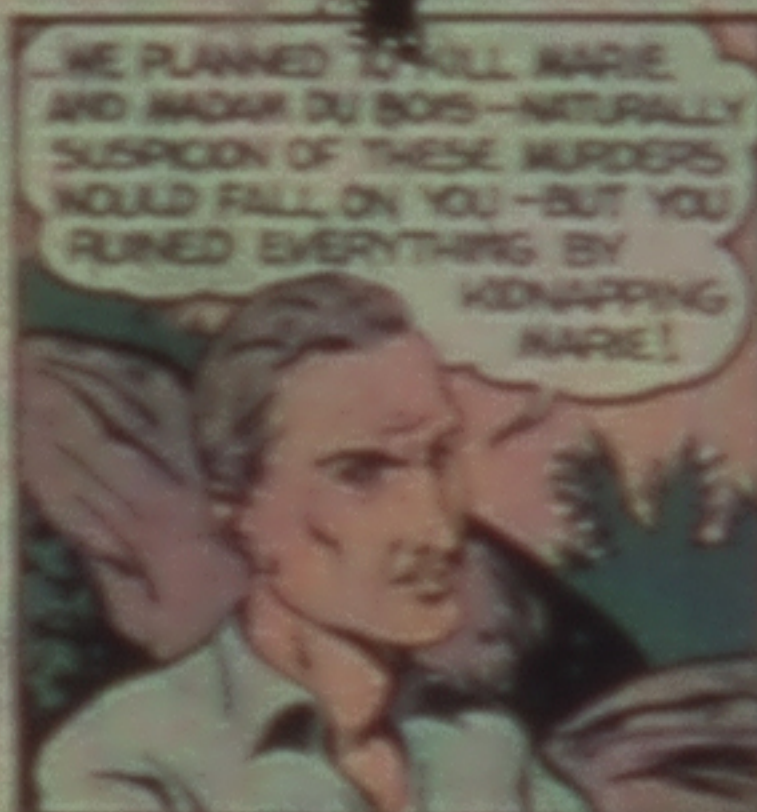
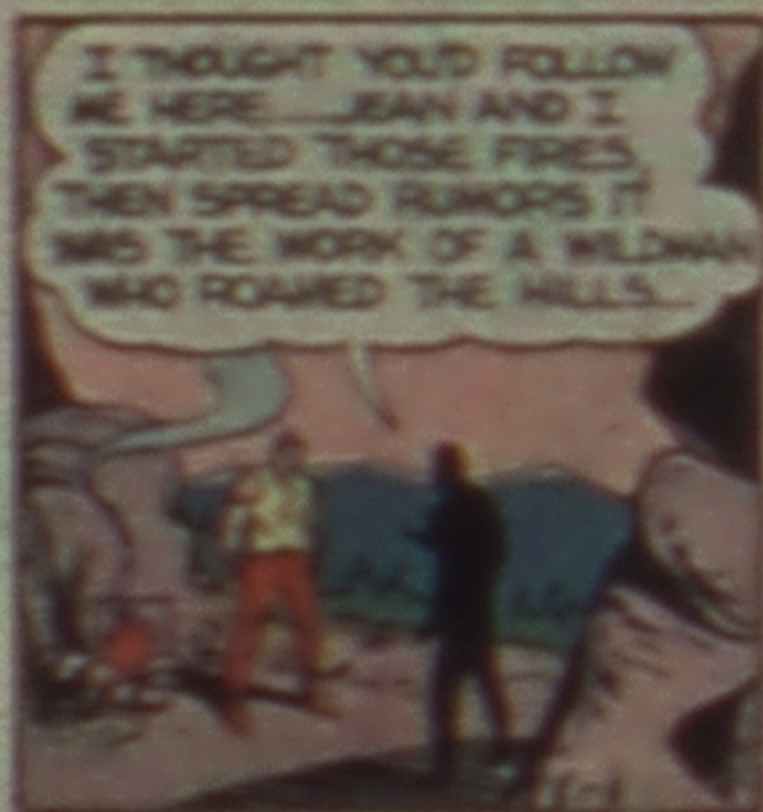
THANKS, MADAM DU BOIS—WE'VE GOT TO CAPTURE THIS MONSTER!!

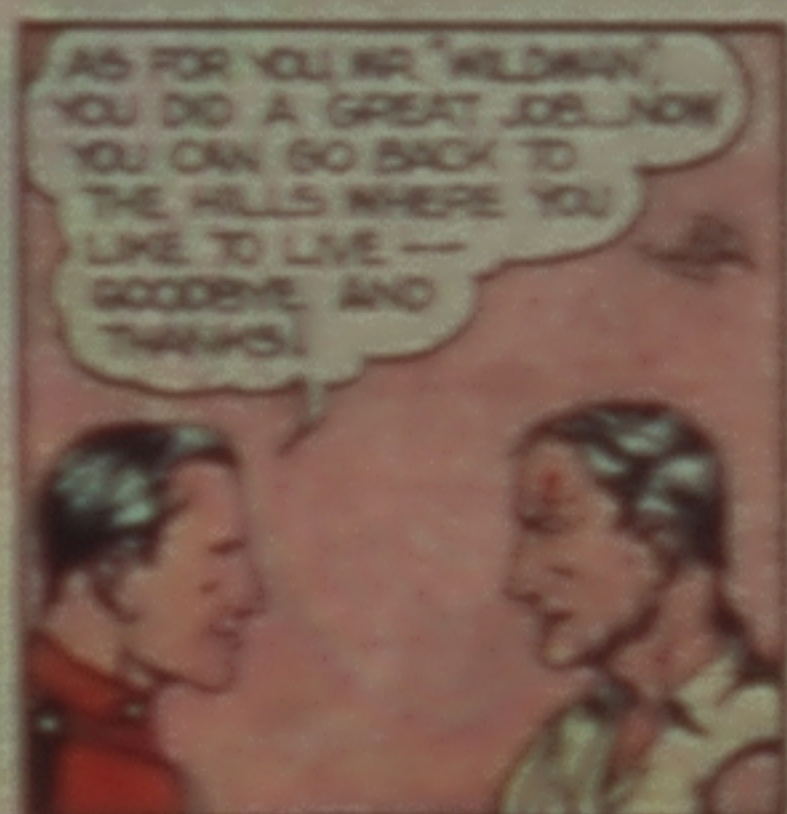
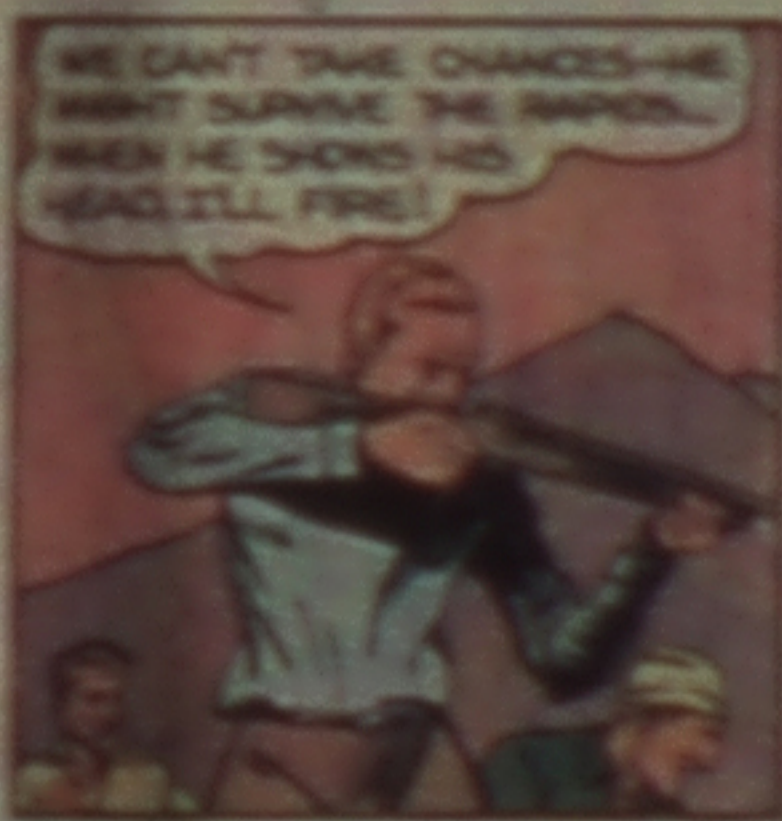
SERGEANT—THIS IS MY NIECE, MARIE, AND TRAPPER TOM PRYCE WHO BOARDS HERE!











SPIN SHAW

OF THE NAVAL AIR CORPS

MARDOONED FAR BEYOND THE ARCTIC CIRCLE A SMALL GROUP OF DRAFTSMEN COMMISSIONED TO DRAW MAPS LOOK HELPLESSLY AT THEIR ICE-BOUND SHIP

by Rex Smith



WE'LL HAVE TO RADIO FOR HELP! OUR FOOD SUPPLY IS ALMOST EXHAUSTED!



SOON THE MESSAGE FOR HELP CRACKLES OUT OVER THE CLEAR, COLD AIR.....

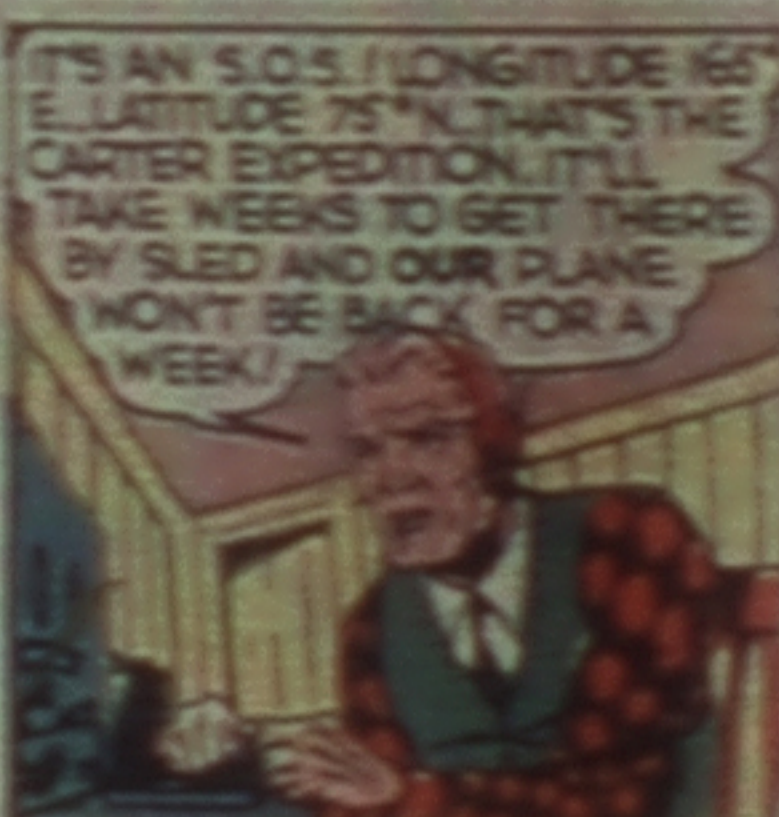


IN NO TIME CAPTAIN SPIN SHAW U.S.N. VISITS THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE.

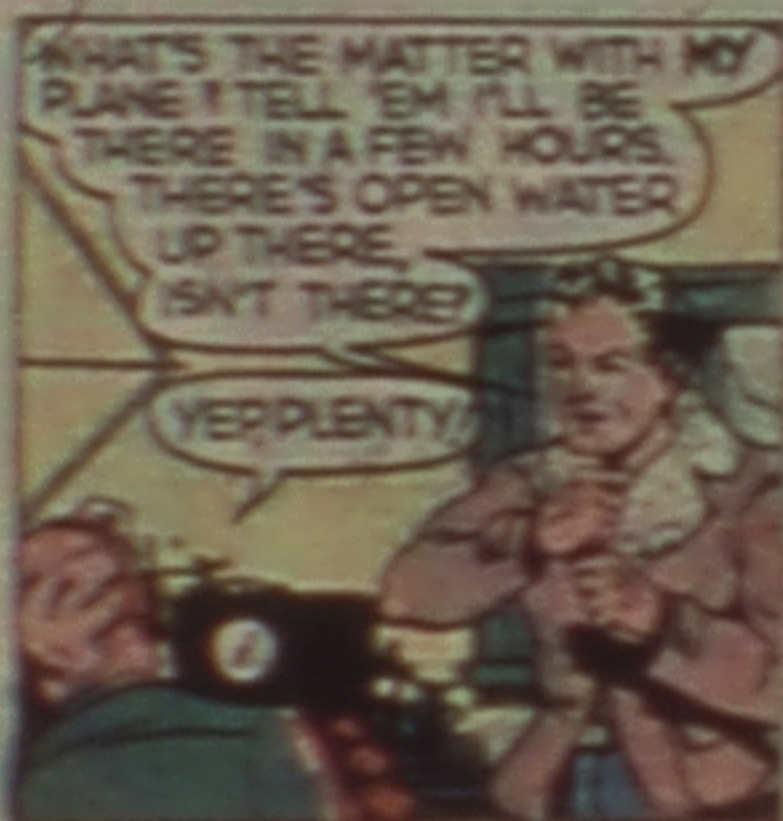


WHAT THE DICKENS DO YOU DO FOR EXCITEMENT UP HERE, ANYWAY?

OH, WE FISH AND HUNT AND— HOLD IT, THERE'S A MESSAGE COMING IN!



IT'S AN S.O.S. / LONGITUDE 165° E. LATITUDE 75° N. THAT'S THE CARTER EXPEDITION. IT'LL TAKE WEEKS TO GET THERE BY SLED AND OUR PLANE WON'T BE BACK FOR A WEEK!



WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MY PLANE? I TELL 'EM I'LL BE THERE IN A FEW HOURS. THERE'S OPEN WATER UP THERE, ISN'T THERE?

YEP, PLENTY!



LOADING ON EXTRA GASOLINE AND FOOD, SPIN AND HIS CO-PILOT, 'CELOHUGSY' PATTON, SPEED TO THE EXPLORERS' RESCUE!

BECAUSE OF HEAVY CLOUD BANKS SPIN IS FORCED TO FLY BY INSTRUMENTS ALL THE WAY.



WE SHOULD BE RIGHT OVER THEM, BOSS!

OK, MUGGS! HOLD TIGHT! I'M GOING TO SET HER DOWN!



CUTTING THE MOTORS, SPIN DIPS INTO THE FLEECY MISTS.



QUICKLY DESCENDING BENEATH THEM SPIN SEES AN ICE MOUNTAIN DEAD AHEAD!!



JAMMING OVER THE JOY STICK, HE DESPERATELY TRIES TO AVOID A CRACKUP, BUT IN VAIN... A WING CRASHES INTO THE ICE!!



TOPPLING OVER CRAZILY, THE SHIP SETTLES IN A SMALL CANYON.



THAT, MY DEAR SPIN, IS WHAT I CALL A VERY SLOPPY LANDING!

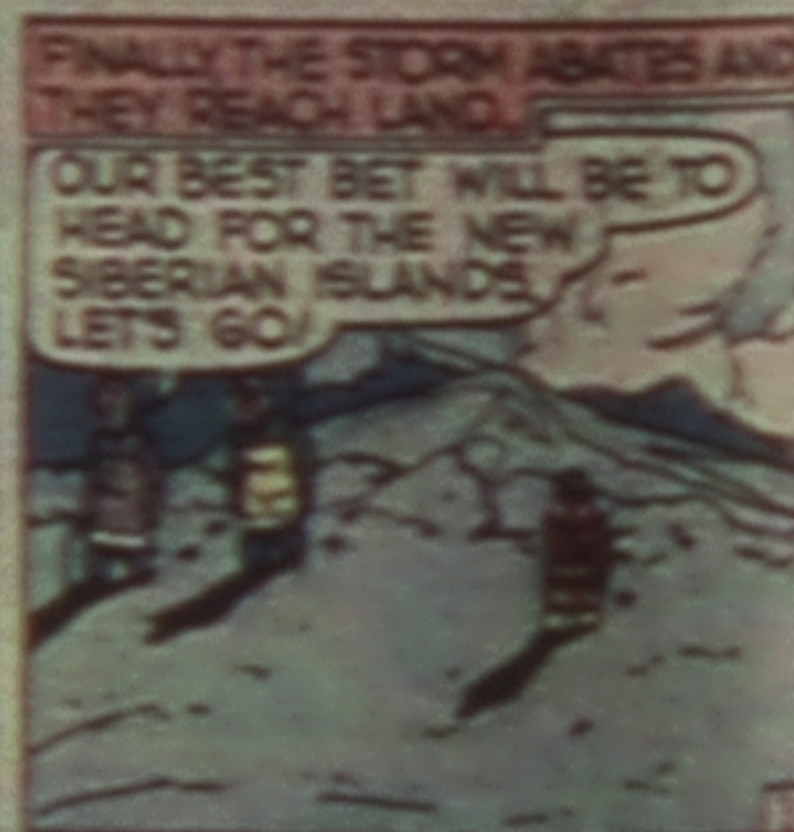
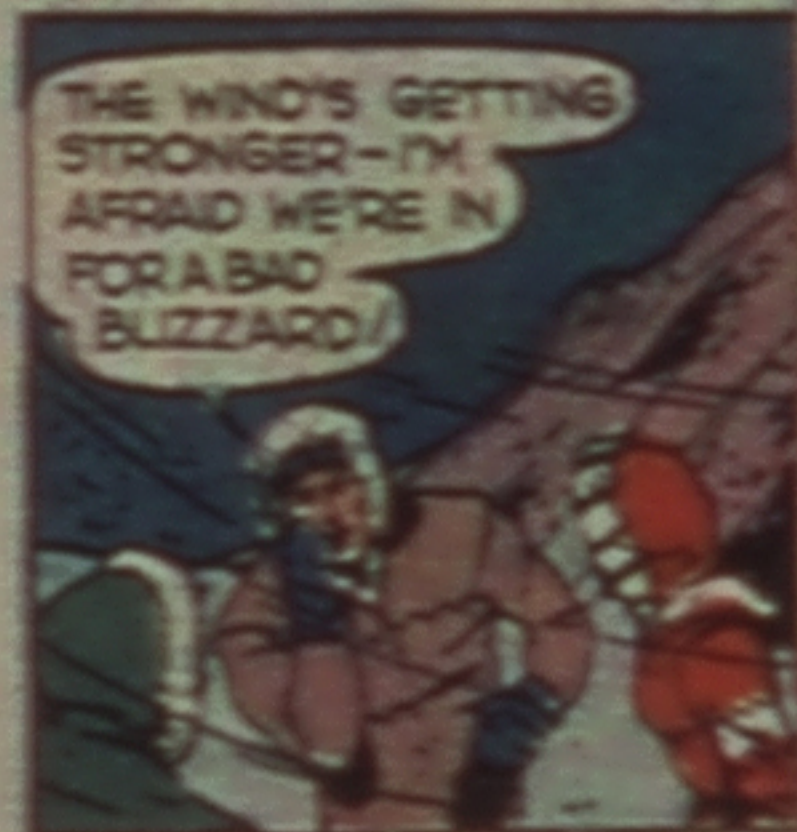
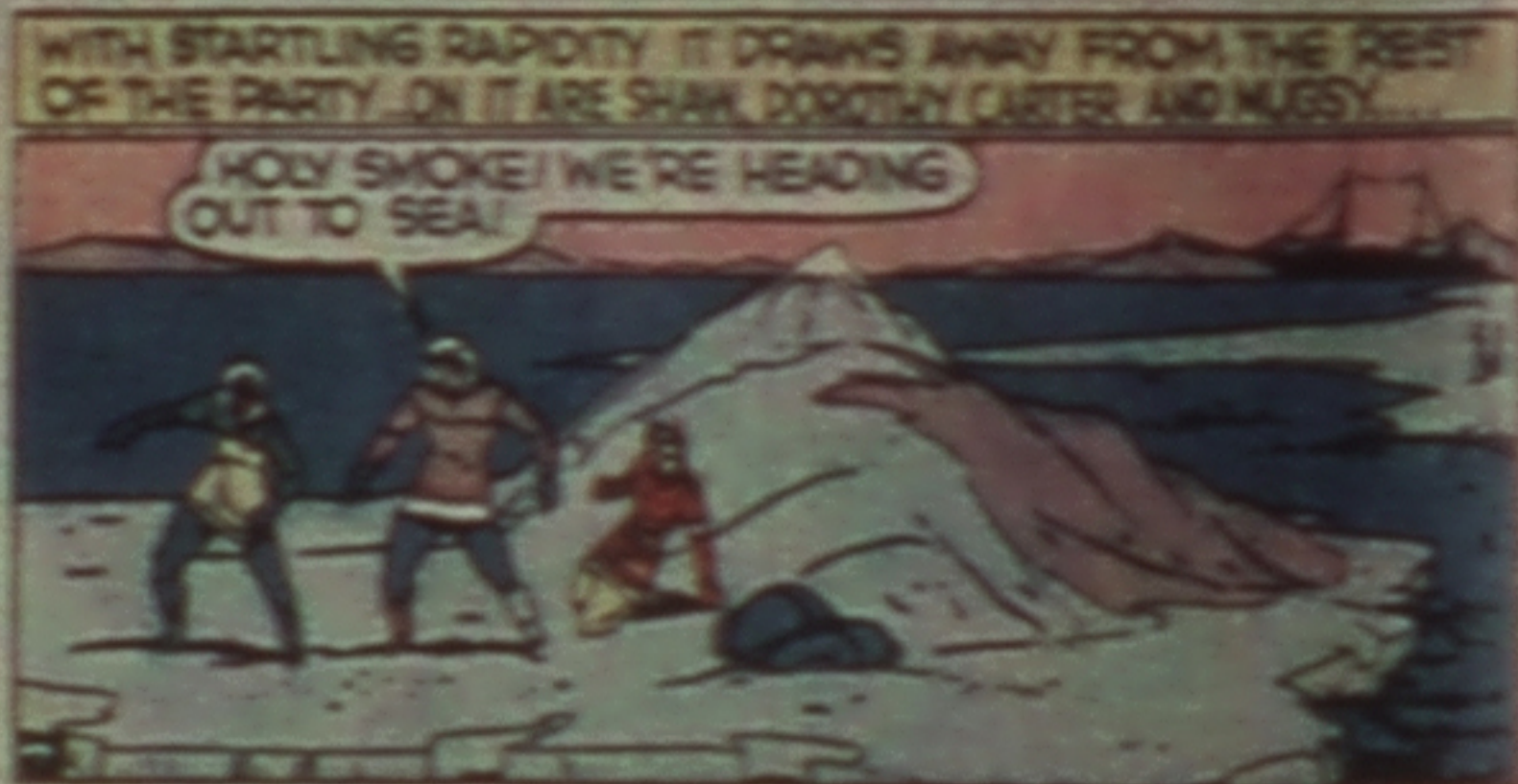
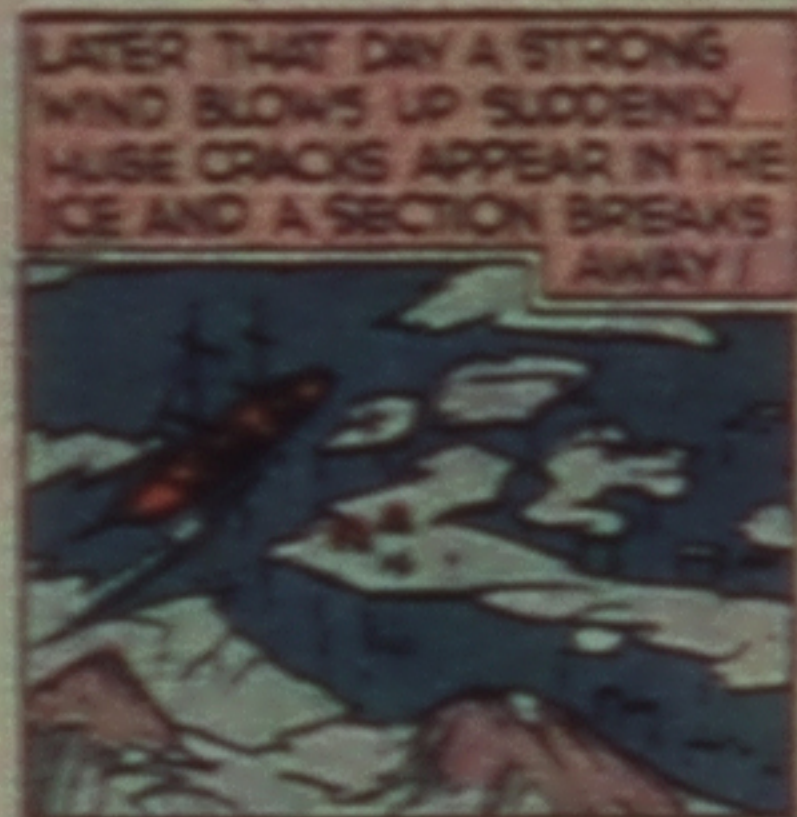
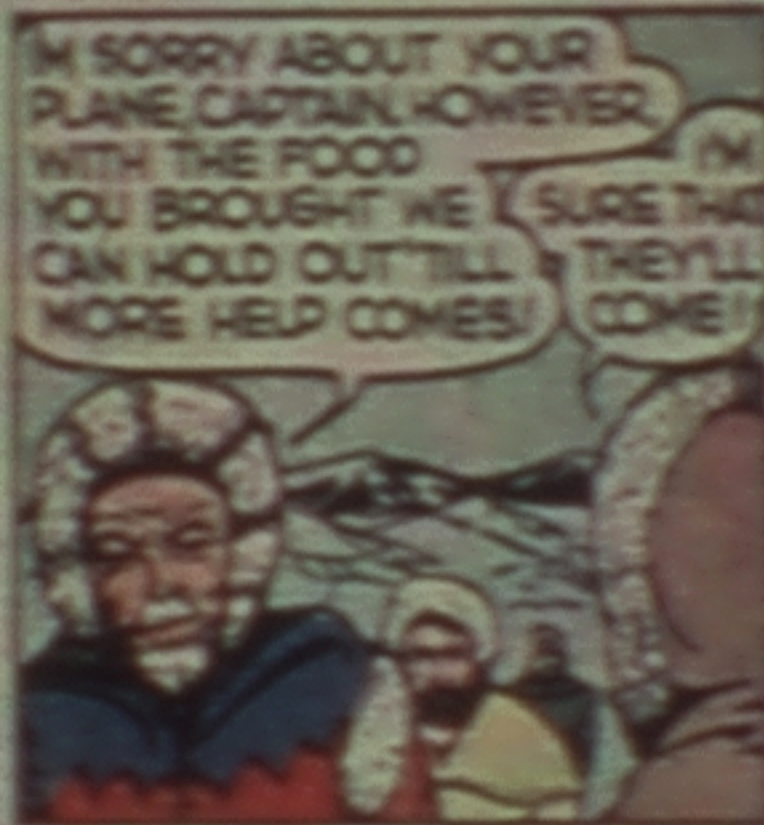


SUDDENLY TWO RENEGADE WOLVES, STARVED FOR FOOD, SNARL VICIOUSLY AT THE FALLEN AIRMEN!



AS THE FIRST LEAPS FOR SPIN'S THROAT, A SHOT RINGS OUT!!





THEIR MEAGER FOOD SUPPLY
SOON GONE THE THREE PLOD
WEARILY OVER THE ENDLESS
WASTES.



FOR DAYS THEY DRAG THEMSELVES
ON GROWING WEAKER HOURLY.



ON AND ON THEY STUMBLE THE
ZERO WEATHER NUMBING
THEIR ACHING FEET.



DONT GO TO SLEEP
UNTIL I LAY OUT
THE BLANKETS!



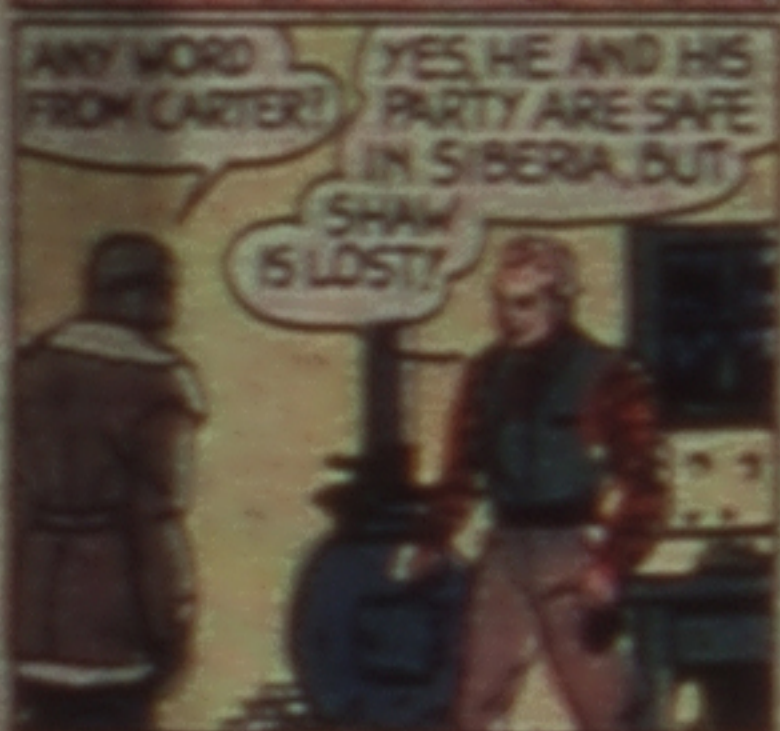
A POLAR BEAR, HIS MOUTH
WATERING HUNGRILY GLARES
FROM BEHIND AN ICY CREST.



EYES BLAZING HE ADVANCES
ON THE TRIO.



MEANWHILE IN NOME, ALASKA.



I'VE SCoured THE TERRITORY
FOR HUNDREDS OF MILES
AND THERE'S NO SIGN
OF THEM!



BACK ON THE ICE FLOE, SHAW
RAINS A SMALL HUNTING KNIFE.



HEAVING IT WITH ALL OF HIS
STRENGTH, SHAW MOMENTARILY
STOPS THE BRUTE!



ROUSING HIMSELF FROM HIS LETH-
ARGY MUGGY, BURIES A HARPOON
IN THE BEAST'S NECK.



MORTALLY WOUNDED THE BEAR
TAKES A LAST VICIOUS SWIPE AT
THE BRAVE AMERICAN.



HIS NECK BROKEN BY THE IMPACT
MUGGY LIES MOTIONLESS ON THE
COMFEE.



SADLY THE COUPLE BURY THEIR
FRIEND IN THE FROZEN FIELD.



RESUMING THEIR TORTUOUS TREK
SPIN AND DOROTHY PLOD ON.



COMPLETELY EXHAUSTED SHAW SINKS TO THE HARD GROUND
UNCONSCIOUS. SLOWLY THE FREEZING WINDS AND SNOW
BEGIN TO DRAW AWAY HIS LIFE AND DOROTHY'S.

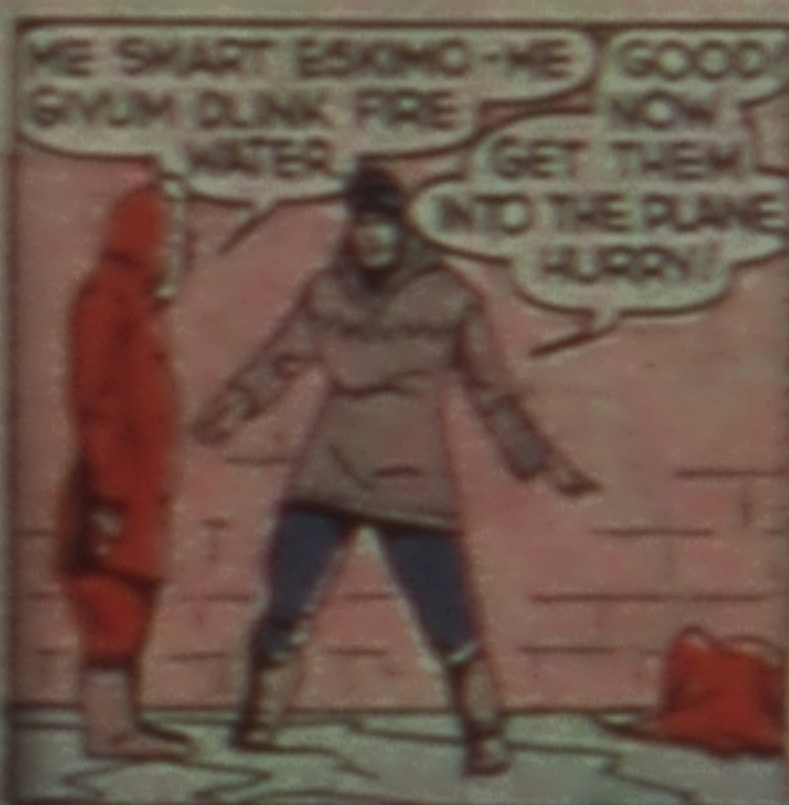


UGH KINO, WHITE MAN HEAVY!
I LEARN GOOD TALK WHEN
I GO TO CHRISTIAN SCHOOL—
NOW I HAVE SOMEONE TALK
TO-IF HE DON'T DIE
FIRSTLY!



MUSH, KINO! TAKUM BACK
TO IGLOO- GIVUM VELLY
GOOD DRINK FIRE
WATER- HE TOO!





LALA PALOOZA

DRUGS



LALA PALOOZA



WOW—
WHAT'S
THIS?

ESPIONAGE
AND
SABOTAGE
CLUB
— SPES
HAD SCIENTISTS
REINVENTING
BRICKS SO
THEY'D
KILL HYDES
AND ALL
ROUND
COUNTRY
CHARACTERS

SUPER
CHAP

AT LAST—A
SERUM TO
DESTROY
EVERY
BODY!

FIRST I'LL
CONQUER
ASIA AND
AFRICA—
AND GIVE
ALL THE
PEOPLE
TO
YOU!

YEAH—
AND I'LL
EAT
EM!
YUM
YUM!

I'LL SPY 'TIL
SIX O'CLOCK
AND MURDER
TIL TEN!

AFTER I
LOOT THE
MINT—I'LL
KIDNAP
THE
PRESIDENT!

I GUESS I'LL GO IN AND CLEAN UP
THOSE BIRDS WHILE I'M
WAITIN' FOR AN INVASION OR
SOMETHING.

HEY—
WAIT A
MINUTE!

YOU CAN'T GO TO
WORK ON THAT
JOB UNTIL YOU
JOIN THE
SUPER MEN'S
UNION—
LOCAL NUMBER
FOUR!

UNION
?

SURE—WE HAVE TO
PROTECT OURSELVES—
THIS SUPER MAN
RACKET IS GETTING
CROWDED!

WE CAN'T FIND ANYTHING TO DO,
THERE'S TOO MANY OF US—
LOOK, MAGIC MEN CLEANING
STREETS—

FLAME MEN CARRYING
SANDWICH SIGNS—
LIGHTNING MEN
SELLING APPLES—
IT'S
TERRIBLE!

WANTS TO
WATCH YOU
DO IT

APPLES
5¢

I'VE GOT THE SOLUTION!
ALL WE GOTTA DO IS
GET RID OF THESE
GUYS—

SUPER
CHAP

—NOW
LET'S START
WITH
YOU!

HEY VINCE! YOUR
PRESCRIPTION'S READY—
HEY VINCENT!
WAKE UP—
YOU'RE
DREAMING!

ARE YOU'RE
AT ME FOR
WAKING
YOU UP,
VINCE?

NOW—THERE WAS
AN AWFUL LOT
OF THOSE GUYS—
THEY MIGHT HAVE
LICKED
ME!

Follow Lala Palooza and Vincent each month in FEATURE COMICS.

RANCE KEANE

WILL ADAMS

RANCE KEANE
A NATURAL OF NEW
YORK CITY
TO BE
TRAINED
TO BE
A
MIGHTY
PLACE

RANCE'S GORT-
LESS FRIEND
PEE WEE LEE IS
OVERWHELMED AT
THE SHEER
MAGNITUDE OF
THE TOWN.

THINK OF ALL
THEM PEOPLE RANCE!
SILVERST! HOW ARE WE
EVER GOING TO FIND
LOLA IN AMONGST 'EM?

COME ON, TWO
ARE PUBLIC
LIBRARY HERE
PEE WEE WE
GOT AN
IDEA!

JUST BECAUSE LOLA'S
STUDYING AT ONE OF THE
THREE NON COLLEGES
IN THE CITY SHELL BE IN
REACH IS IT?

DO YOU HAVE A
LIST OF ALL THE
COLLEGES IN NEW
YORK, MA'AM?

I BELIEVE
I HAVE, SIR.
IF YOU'LL
WAIT JUST A-

WHEN SUD-
DENLY DOWN
THE GREAT
STAIRCASE
RUSHES A
MAN.

STOP HIM!
HE'S A
THIEF!

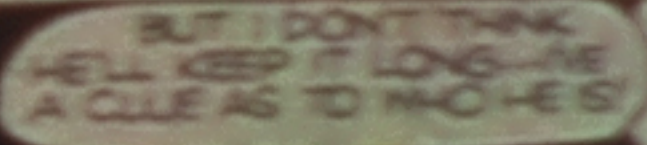
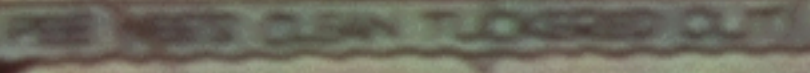
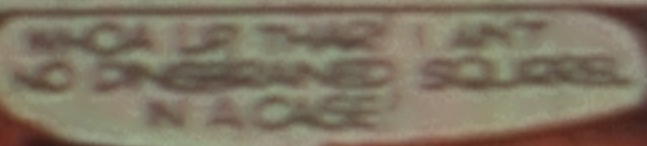
HERE YOU WHERE
YOU GOING IN SUCH
AN ALL-FIRED RUSH?

OW! LET
GO!

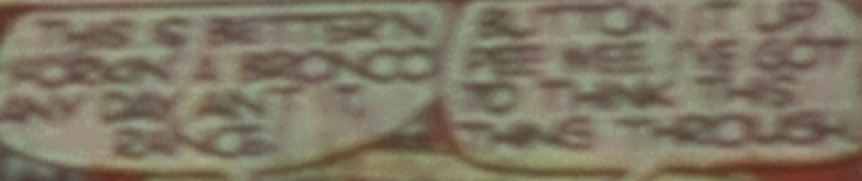
WHEN SUD-
DENLY DOWN
THE GREAT
STAIRCASE
RUSHES A
MAN.

DOGGONE
IT! HE'S
SETTING
MAY!

AT THE END
ENTRANCE TO
THE LIBRARY
THE MAN
BEATS IT OUT
THE READING
DOOR WITH
THE NEW
OF THE



RANGE LOOKS
THROUGH THE
TELEPHONE
BOOK THEN
HE AND PEE
PEE TAKE A
BUS UP FIFTH
AVENUE.



AT 1000 ON
MAY 10, 1968
GOS. WROTE
A LETTER TO
CONGR. S.
S. O. 200.

[illegible]

THE BROADCAST IS OVER!

ROUND THIS WITCH, MR. ONE, AND I WANT TO RETURN IT TO THE PERSON WHO WON IT ON YOUR PROGRAM. COULD YOU HELP ME?

MAY I SEE IT FOR A MOMENT?

**RACE LEADS
FOR THE DEPARTMENT
OF ARNOLD
UNIVERSITY...
IN ONE OF THE
HILLS**

RIGHT THROUGH THAT DOOR MY IMPETUOUS YOUNG FRIEND!

THANKS, BUB!

SHUT UP THAT 'BUB' STUFF! IT HAS MY ERROR!

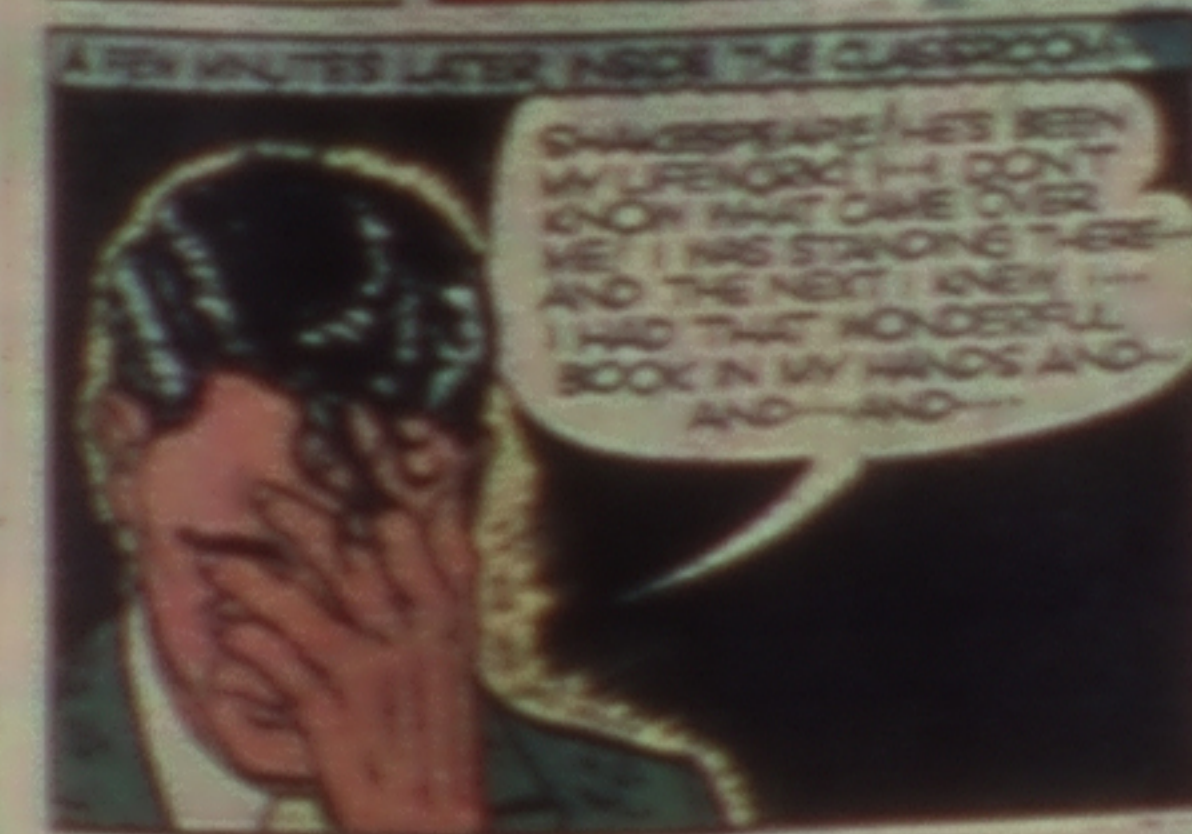
THE PROFESSOR
WAS IN THE
LIBRARY
AT THE
MOMENT
HE
HEARD
THE
NOISE
HE
WAS
IN
THE
LIBRARY
AT
THE
MOMENT
HE
HEARD
THE
NOISE

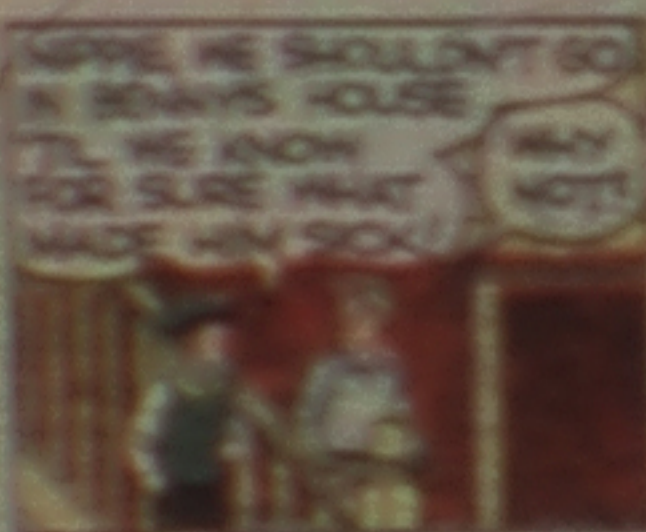


THE PROFESSOR
WAS IN THE
LIBRARY
AT THE
MOMENT
HE
HEARD
THE
NOISE



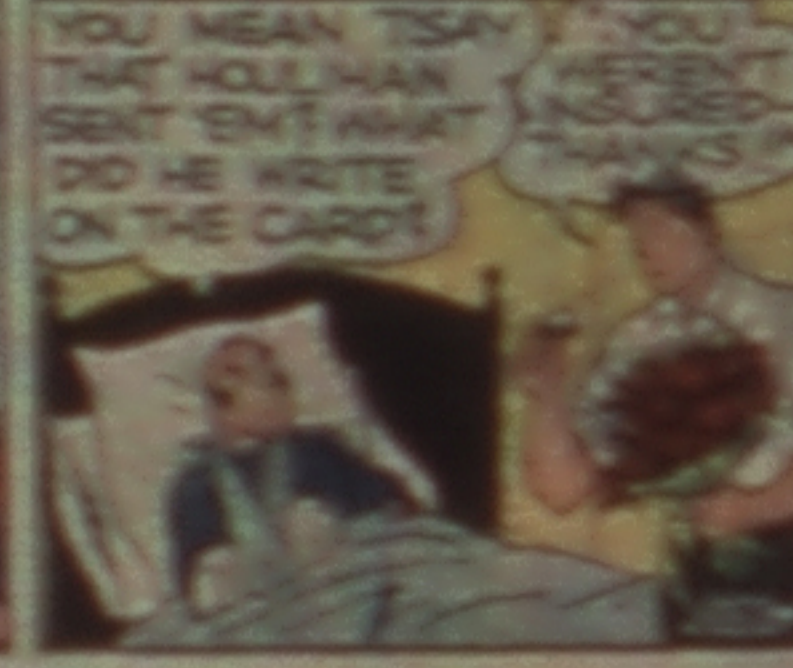
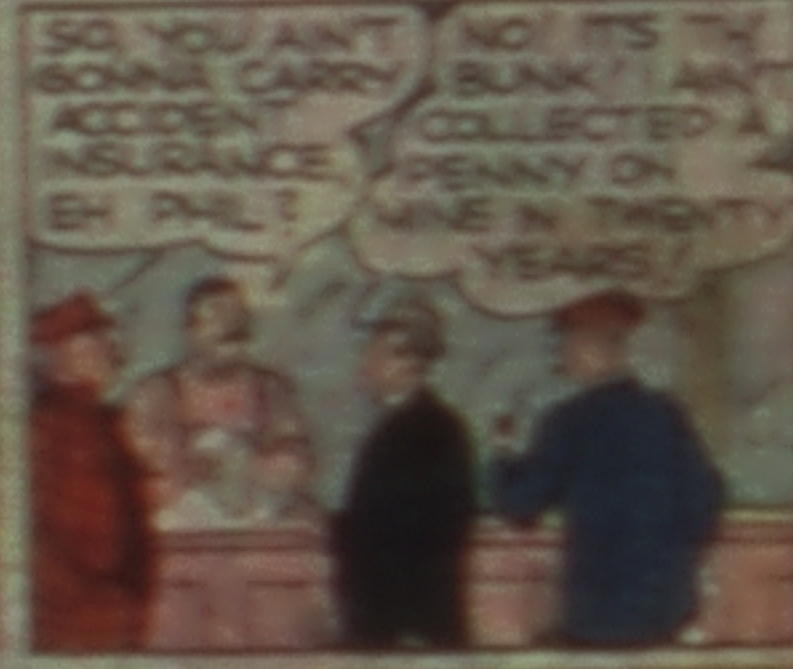
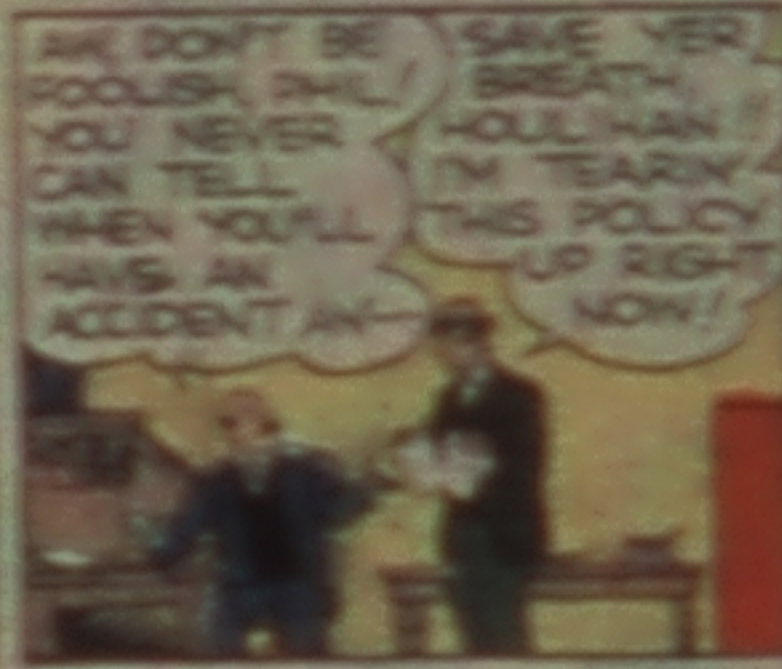
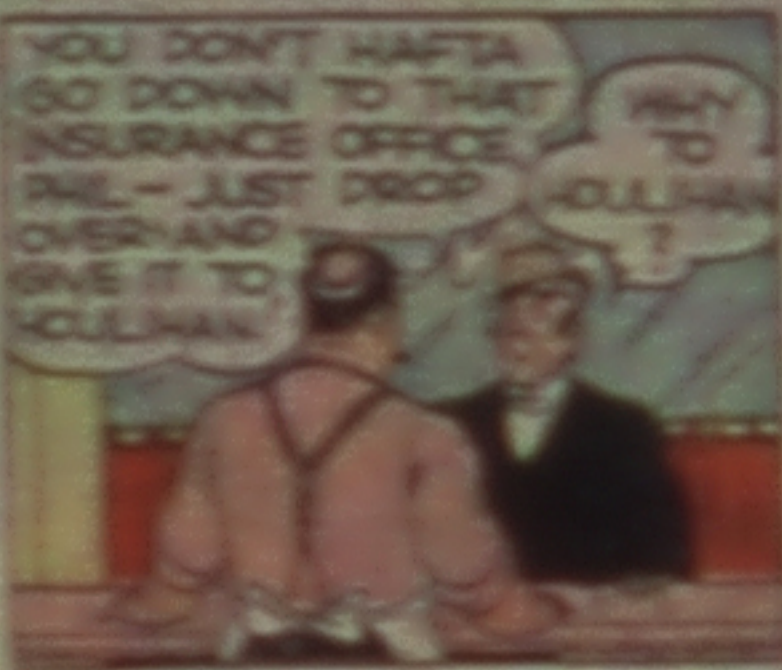
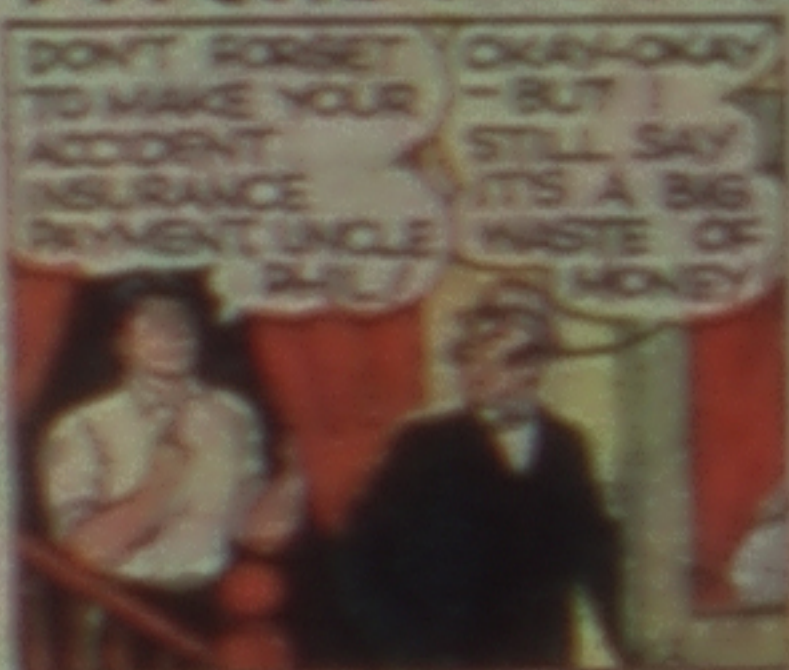
DO YOU KNOW THE REASON FOR THE PROFESSOR'S DEPARTURE WAS PRETENDED?





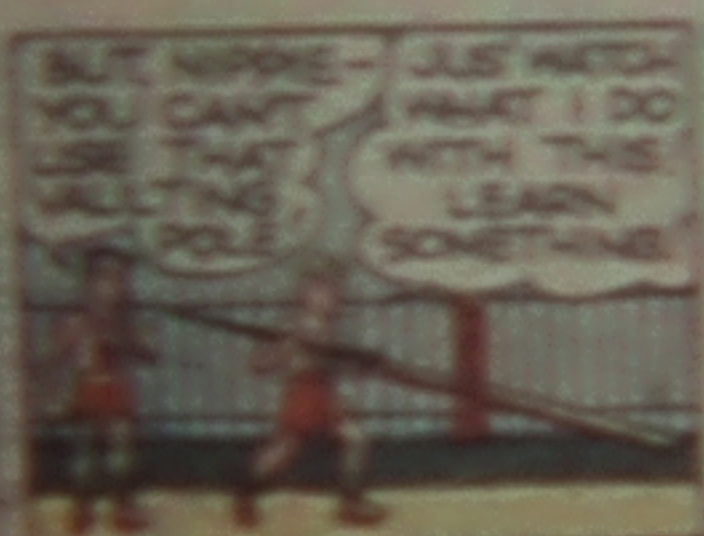
MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



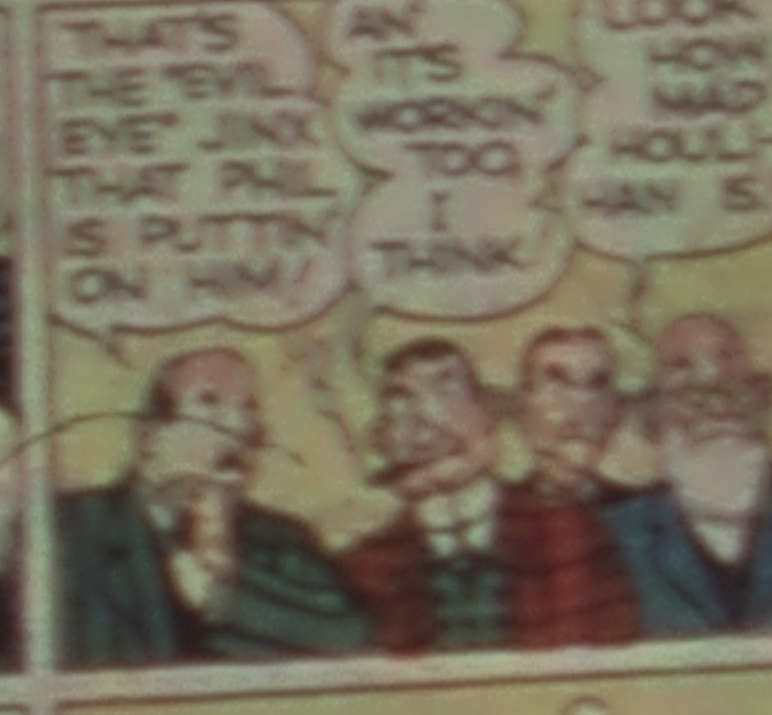
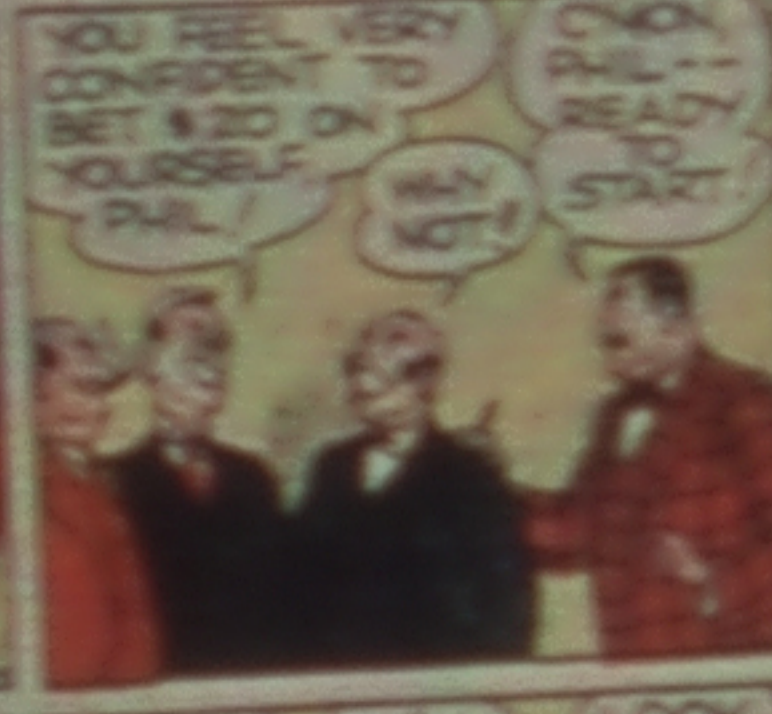
NIPPE

1945



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



NIPPIE

NIPPIE—THIS LOOKS LIKE A GOOD PLACE TO FISH—

NO! I KNOW A MUCH BETTER SPOT!



CLY!

MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



WHERE'S UNCLE PHIL, MA?

THE BROWNS ARE MOVING—SO I ASKED HIM TO GO AND GIVE THEM A HAND!



YOU SURE PICKED A NICE COOL DAY T'MOVE, MR. BROWN?

YEAH—SURE!



I'LL RIDE OVER ON TH' VAN AN' START PUTTIN' YOUR THINGS IN ORDER, MR. BROWN—

FINE, PHIL! AND I CAN GET THE NEXT LOAD READY!



SO YOU WERE A MOVIN' MAN ONCE—EH, MR. FINN?

YEAH! AN' THE FURNITURE WAS HEAVIER THEN TOO! THEY CALLED ME "STRONG ARM FINN!"



JUST PILE IT ALL ON THE PORCH—I'LL TAKE IT IN AN' SAVE YOU TIME!

OKAY!



WE'LL BE BACK WITH THE NEXT LOAD IN AN HOUR—ARE Y'SURE YOU CAN PUT IT IN YOURSELF?

AW—YOU NEVER SAW ME REALLY WORK!



HEY! DIDN'T FINN SAY HED HAVE THIS STUFF PUT IN WHEN WE GOT BACK?

MAYBE HE HURT HIMSELF LIFTING—C'MON!!

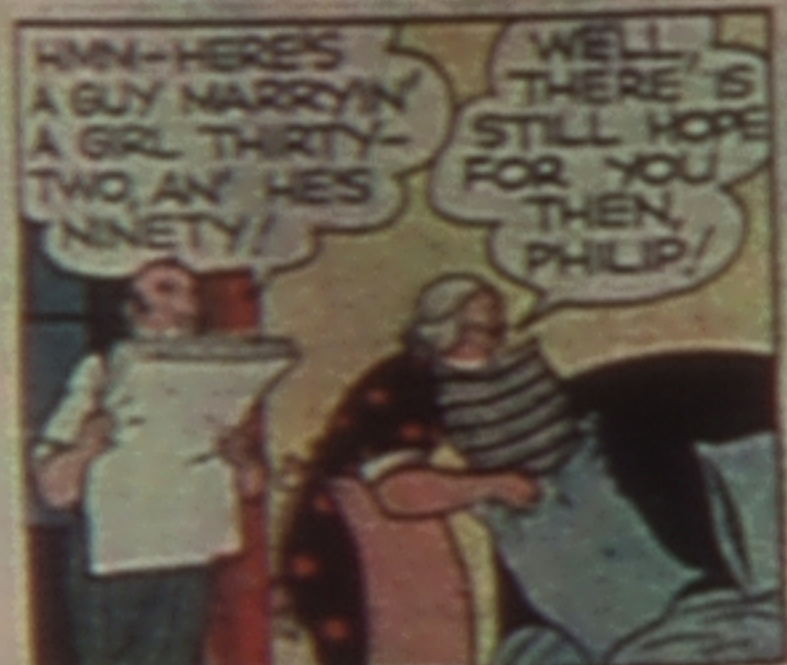


ZZZZZZ



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



Read Mickey Finn in the August issue of FEATURE COMICS—on sale June 26th.

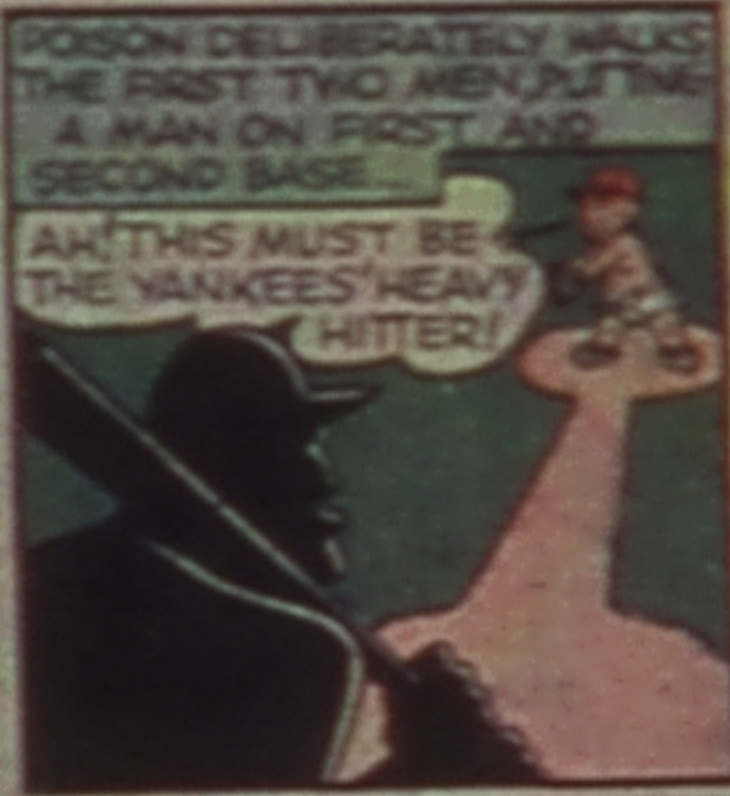
POISON IVY

THE MIGHTY MITE

A FEW MONTHS AGO... AS THE BASEBALL TEAMS TRAINED IN THE SOUTH...



OUT OF DESPERATION THE MANAGER DECIDES TO LET POISON PLAY ALONE AGAINST THE YANKEES. THE DAY OF THE BIG PRACTICE GAME ARRIVES. THE YANKEES BAT FIRST.



THE BALL IS JUST ABOUT TO DROP OVER THE FENCE WHEN...

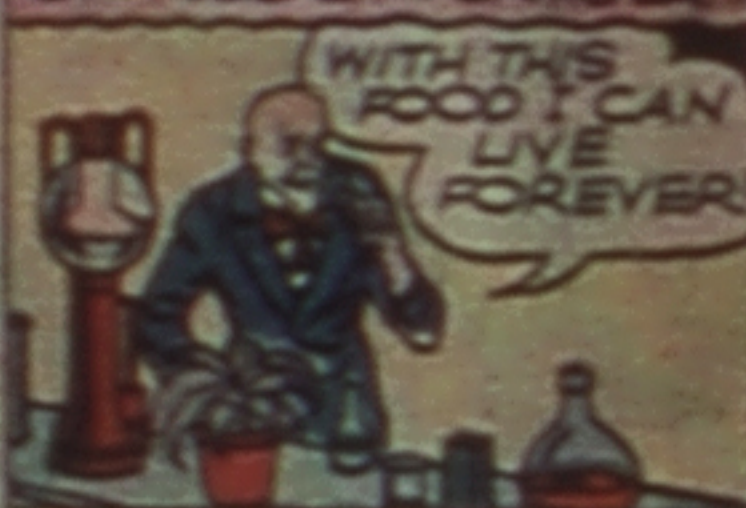


THE VOICE

VERSUS
THE BLACK MASK...

IN 1794 A SMALL BOY AND HIS PARENTS WERE SHIPWRECKED. THEY CAME TO AN ISLAND WHERE THEIR ONLY FOOD WAS A RARE LIFE-GIVING HERB WHICH STRANGELY PRESERVED THE LIFE OF THE BOY LONG AFTER HIS PARENTS HAD DIED.

IN 1940 THIS BOY HAS GROWN TO AN OLD MAN. WE FIND HIM IN A SMALL NEW YORK APARTMENT WHERE HE MAKES THE LIFE-PRESERVING HERB BY A SECRET FORMULA.



"MR. ELIXIR" AS HE IS CALLED, HAS MADE A STUDY OF CRIME AND HAS PLEDGED HIMSELF TO ITS DESTRUCTION.



ROGARTY, SOMEONE IS AT THE DOOR--I WILL SPEAK TO THEM THROUGH THE MIRRO GLASS--



*MIRRO GLASS--A SPECIAL REFLECTOR BUILT INTO THE WALL--THROUGH IT ELIXIR CAN SEE OTHERS, BUT CANNOT BE SEEN.

BE SEATED PLEASE--THIS IS THE VOICE!!



SPRIGG IS MY NAME.. I HAVE COME TO TELL YOU ABOUT THE DISAPPEARANCE OF..ER.. ER... SPEAK UP!!



100 GALLONS OF NITRO-GLYCERINE!!



WHY CAN'T I SEE YOU? I CAN'T CONFIDE IN A PHANTOM! MY FACE MUST NOT BE KNOWN--CRIMINALS MAY SEEK REVENGE!



ALL R-RIGHT--I AM THE YARDMASTER OF THE BLUE GOLD OIL FIELDS NEAR HERE....

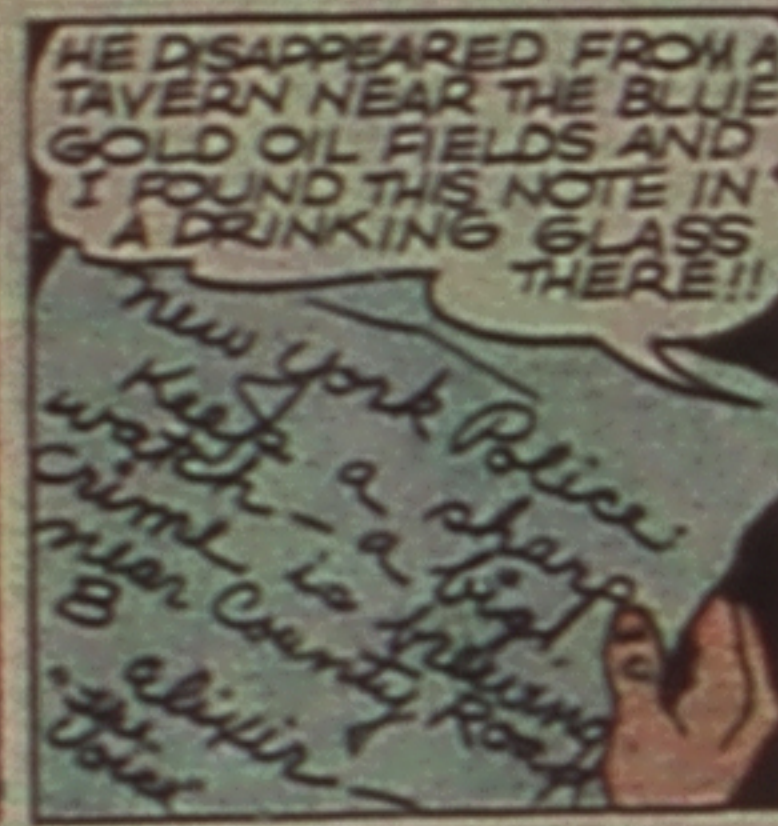
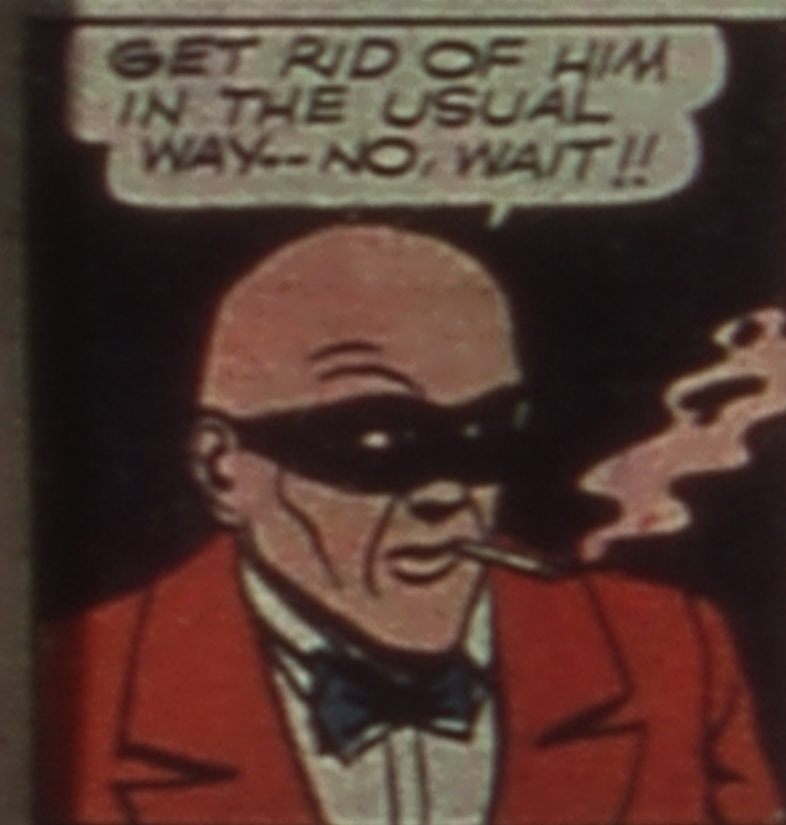
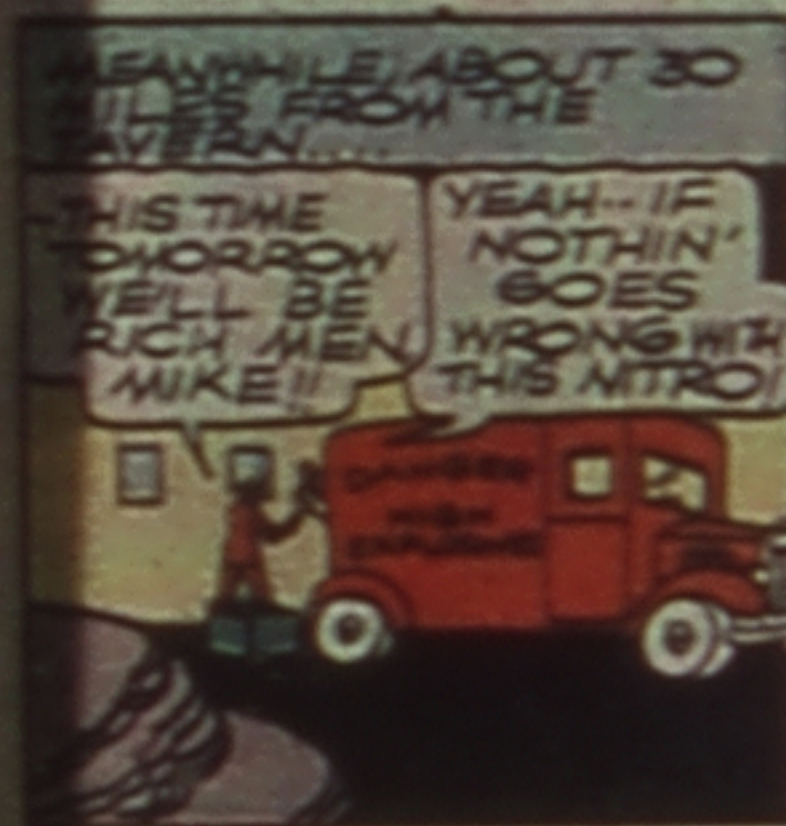
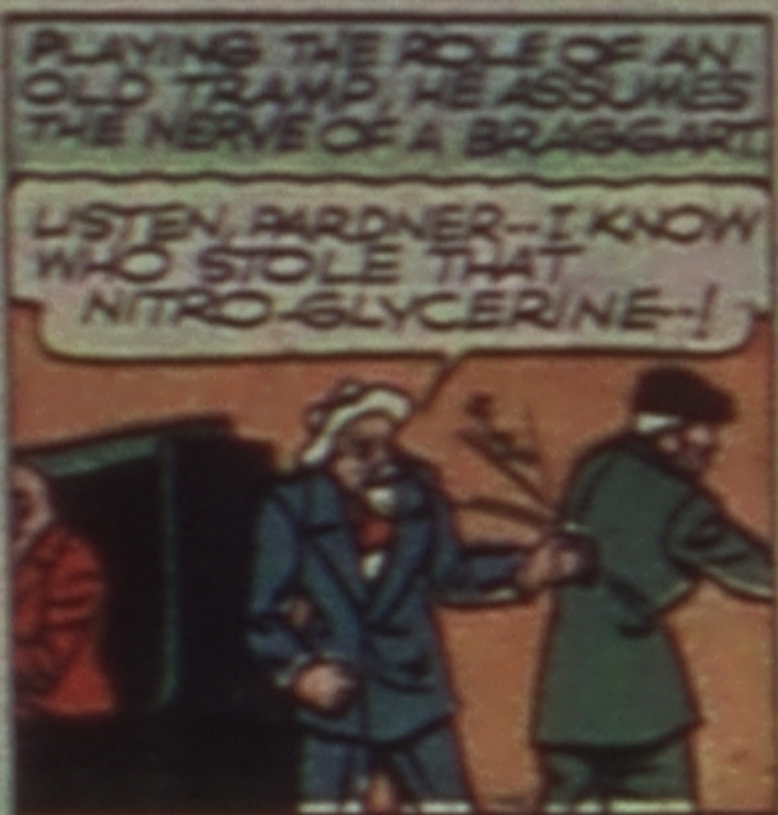


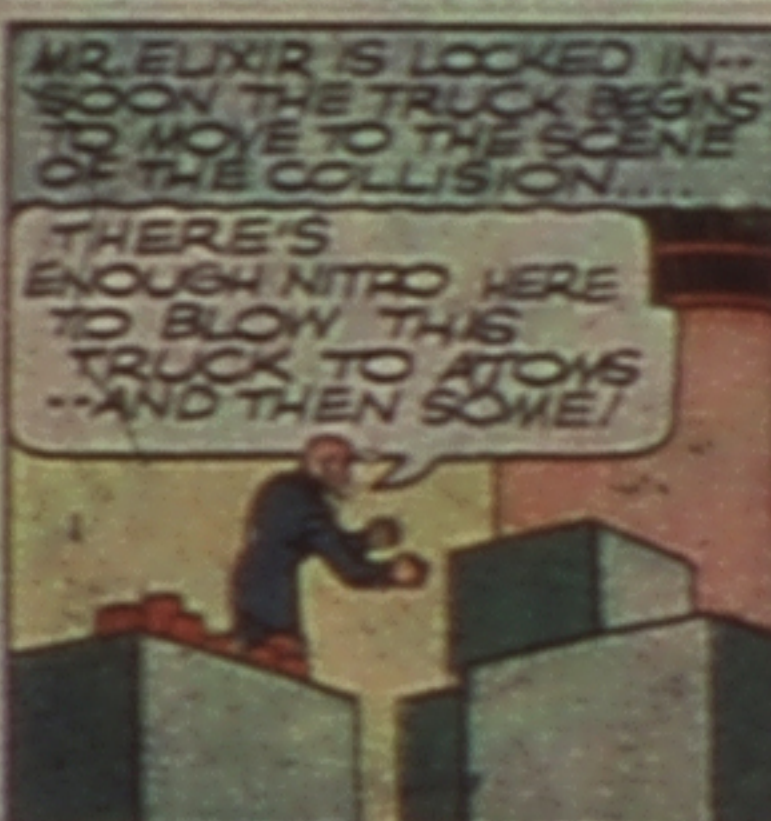
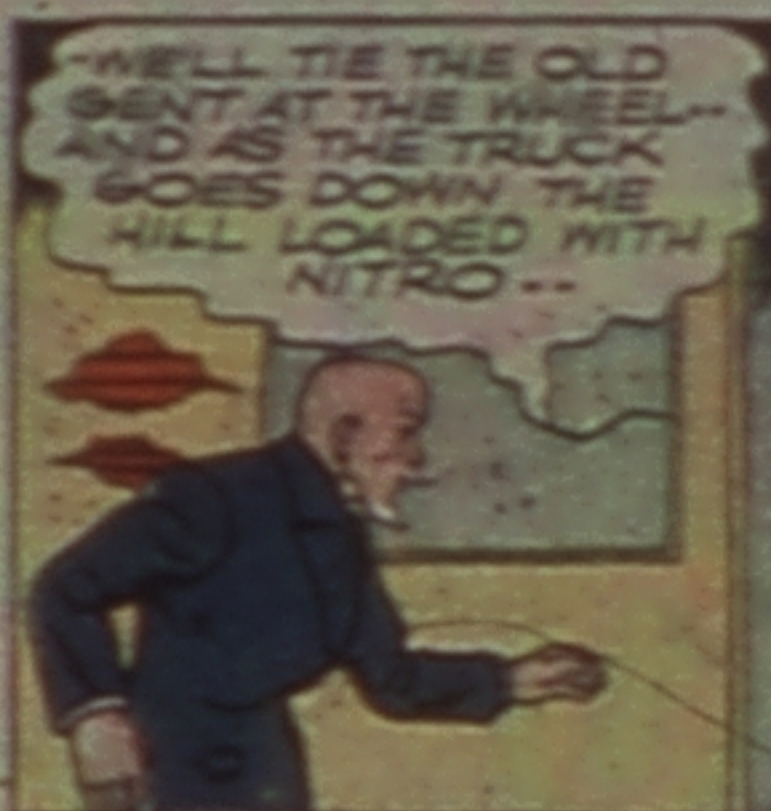
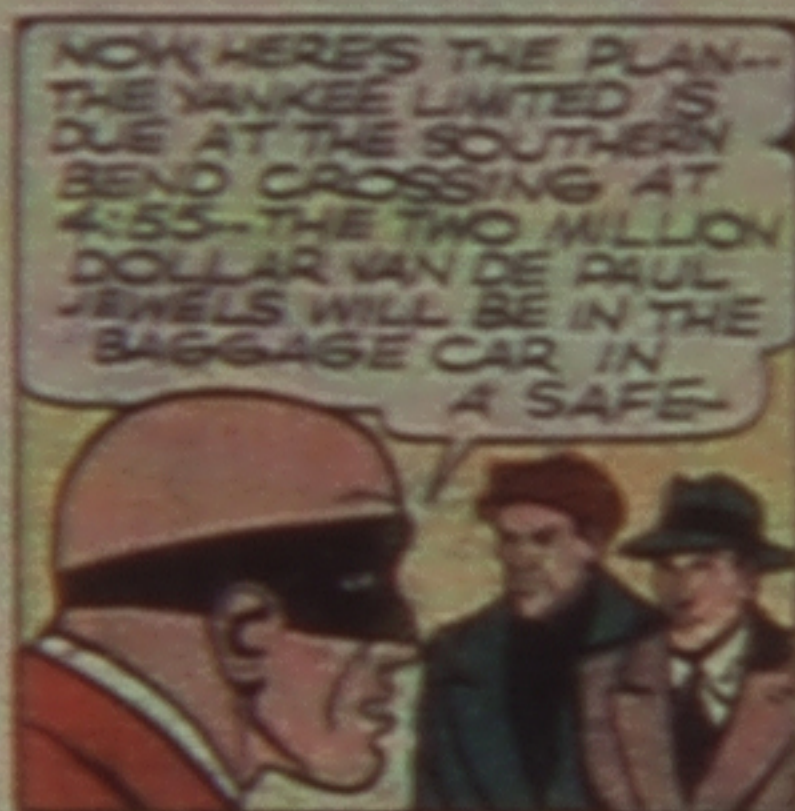
LAST WEEK 50 GALLONS OF NITRO WERE STOLEN FROM THE FIELD-- YESTERDAY ANOTHER 50 GALLONS WERE STOLEN!!

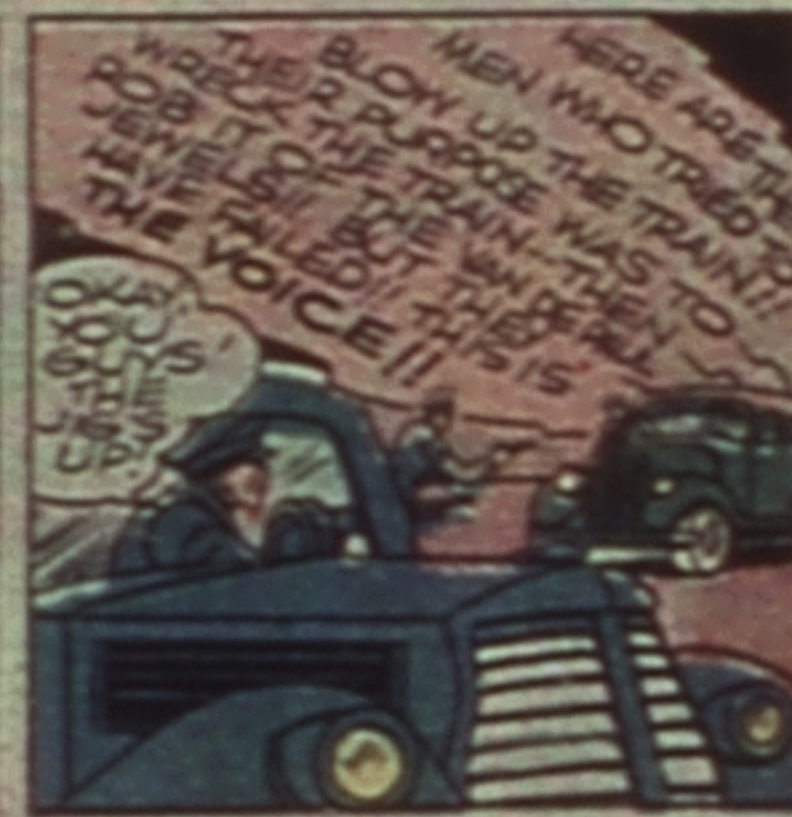
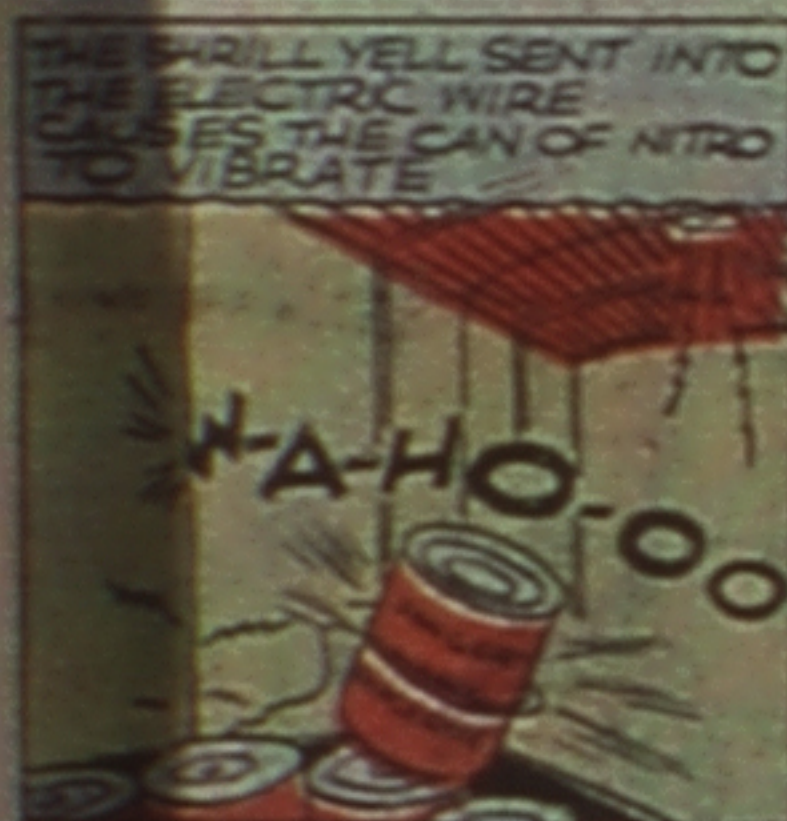
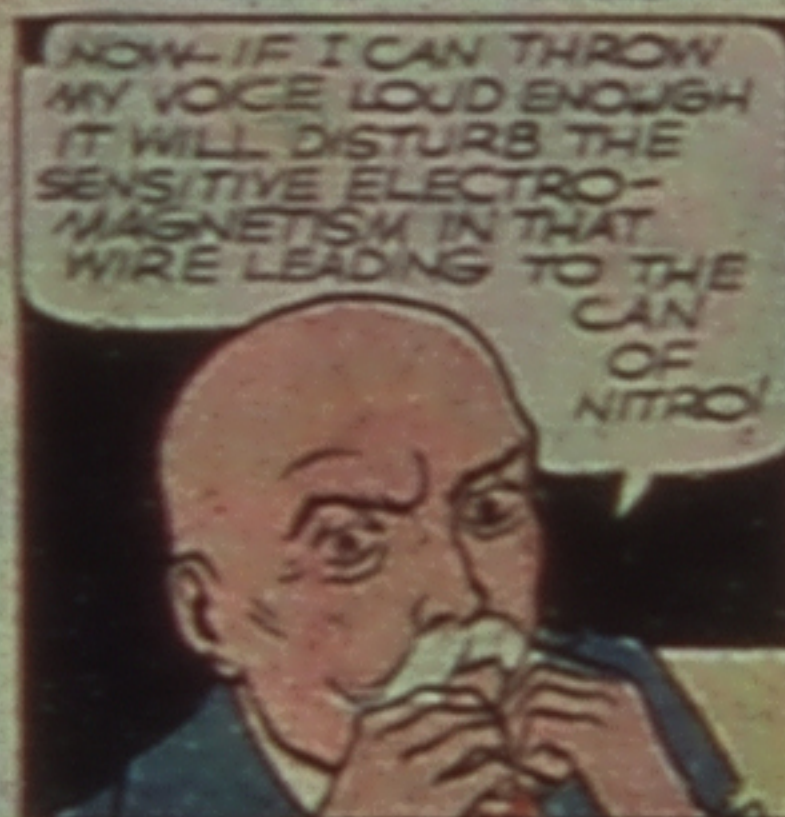
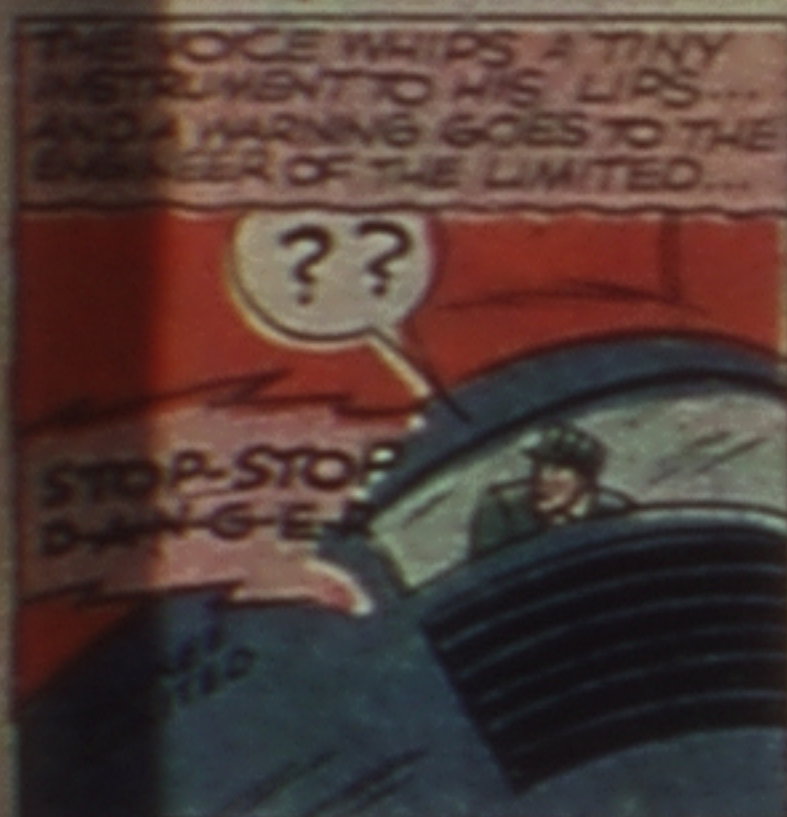
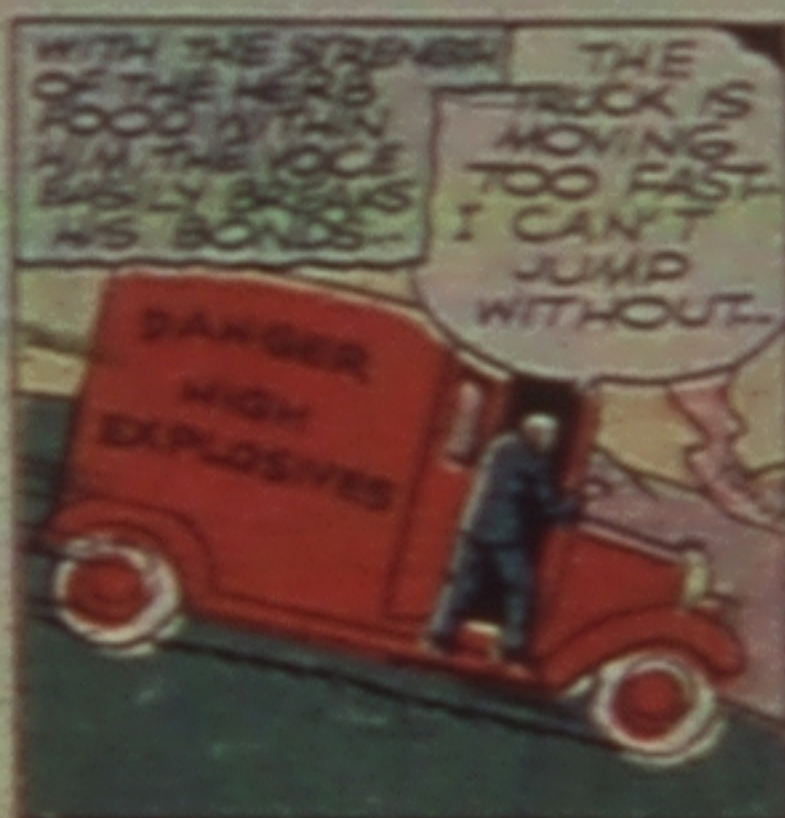


VERY WELL--NOW GO!! THE VOICE IS AT WORK!!









FLAMING RIVER

By Robert M. Hyatt

The cutter, close-hauled, slipped noiselessly up the haunted river, its sails soggy with the dank wind that blew out of the jungle.

Perry Scott, intrepid young adventurer, stood on the prow keeping his eyes peeled. Just what lay ahead he did not know. No one had ever penetrated this dreadful jungle so far inland—not even the famous Errol Flynn.

The cutter ran without lights. But the moon was a searchlight, and the ship was in its beam.

It was near midnight when Lanier, at the helm, shouted down the companion, "Hey, fellows, come on up!"

Perry and the three other members of the party dashed up the steps and took their places along the rail. There was no need for Lanier to explain his excitement; the cause was obvious. About two miles upriver a great glow stained the sky red. Fire!

"But what the heck makes it?" Lanier asked. "A hundred camp-

fires couldn't make that much flame!"

"Looks like gas," said Miller, the engineer.

Perry said, "Well, there's only one way to find out... Hey, Nixon, better get the rifles."

For the next twenty minutes as they drew slowly nearer the strange conflagration, nobody said anything, but every one of the youths was doing a heap of thinking. They had been warned to keep out of this savage country; it was inhabited by a race of warlike people that delighted in sniping folk with poison darts and sticking their heads up on poles around their villages.

Somewhere in this wild hinterland of New Guinea lay a fabulous gold mine. Said to have been worked centuries ago by a race of long-gone aborigines, its secret remained locked to the outer world. Considerable of its riches, however, found their way to the seacoast towns. A certain tribe of natives apparently knew of its ex-

istence and traded the gold for trinkets; but no one on the "outside" had ever discovered the mine.

Perry Scott had come prepared to pry the secret loose!

Lanier swung the cutter into shore about a half-mile from the flames, which could be plainly seen now. It looked as if they crossed the river, emanating from the water itself!

"But that's preposterous!" Perry told himself. He silently levered the action of his rifle, seeing that it was ready for instant action. No telling when things might start breaking. The fact that they hadn't seen a single native for five days boded ill.

"Well, what do you know about that?" exclaimed Lanier when they had approached to within fifty feet of the flames.

"Sort of baffling, I call it," Perry replied.

The river at this point was probably fifty yards across. On either side were perpendicular cliffs three hundred feet high. The uncanny fire roared out of a crack in the opposite wall, like the blast of a blow-torch. The flames shot directly across the river, a few feet above the water, and spent them-



selves against the wall near which Perry and his companion were standing.

"It's evidently gas," said Perry. "Some subterranean source. Makes an effective barrier, eh?"

"You mean—" began Lanier.

"Yeah. Look, Lanier, what do you suppose is on the other side of this wall of fire?"

"I dunno... Say, maybe the mine, huh?"

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1 50-inch Salute..... .10	80 3-inch Flash Crackers..... .25
1 60-inch Salute..... .10	120 2-inch Flash Crackers..... .25
1 70-inch Salute..... .10	12 Pieces of Pink..... .25
1 80-inch Salute..... .10	100 Fast Military Salute..... .25
1 90-inch Salute..... .10	100 Fast Military Salute..... .25
1 100-inch Salute..... .10	100 Fast Military Salute..... .25
1 110-inch Salute..... .10	100 Fast Military Salute..... .25
1 120-inch Salute..... .10	100 Fast Military Salute..... .25
1 130-inch Salute..... .10	100 Fast Military Salute..... .25
1 140-inch Salute..... .10	100 Fast Military Salute..... .25
1 150-inch Salute..... .10	100 Fast Military Salute..... .25
1 160-inch Salute..... .10	100 Fast Military Salute..... .25
1 170-inch Salute..... .10	100 Fast Military Salute..... .25
1 180-inch Salute..... .10	100 Fast Military Salute..... .25
1 190-inch Salute..... .10	100 Fast Military Salute..... .25
1 200-inch Salute..... .10	100 Fast Military Salute..... .25

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"Exactly," Perry nodded.
"We're going to find out."

"But how are we going to get through those flames?"

"There's a way around," Perry told him. "Come on. I'm going to get my kayak and some cable."

Back at the cutter, Perry and Lanier related their adventure.

"But what're you gonna do with that crazy Eskimo boat?" Miller demanded, grinning. "That ain't fireproof!"

"I know," Perry admitted. "Just thought it might come in handy . . . Come on, Lanier! We'll be back when you see us, fellows; we're going to find the lost gold mine!"

There was a way around the fire, all right. Perry and Lanier after two hours of arduous toil, climbed to the top of what appeared to be a volcanic crater.

It was dawn when they reached the lip of the chasm and peered over. Lanier gasped.

"Gosh, Perry, there's a lake down there!"

"The source of our river," said Perry. "Probably be pretty warm down there, but that's where we're going." He unwound a coil of several hundred feet of fine steel cable. Attaching an end to the kayak, he began lowering the odd craft.

"Okay," he said after a few minutes. "Our turn now!"

Petry fastened the cable to a firm rock and the two began their perilous descent. After ten minutes of slipping and banging against the sharp lava, they reached the bottom of the crater. The lagoon was a good hundred yards across. There was no break in the surrounding walls of lava rock.

"Well, now is the time," sang out Perry. He floated the kayak, climbed in and unsnapped the telescopic paddle. He pushed off and, after making a complete circuit of the tiny lake, returned.

"The spring is somewhere in there," he said, indicating the wall of rock. "And I think I know about where."

He pushed off again. Suddenly he turned the kayak over, head

under water. Lanier watched the shiny bottom of the craft float toward the solid rock, then abruptly it disappeared. Perry had gone through a subterranean cave!

A tense hour passed. Lanier began to get a bit apprehensive for Perry's safety. Then the shiny kayak bottom slipped out of the rock wall and floated in the open. Perry righted the craft, shook the water out of his eyes, and paddled so short rapidly.



"Lanier!" he cried excitedly. "I found it! Gold! A treasure house of it! It's back in the tunnel about a quarter-mile. Awful dark in there, but oh boy, what a mine she is!"

Lanier nodded fast. "Yeah, but how do we get to it? How do we get through this fire?"

"Easy," Perry told him. "All we have to do is blast that gas jet into smithereens. We've got dynamite aboard . . . Hey, look!" Perry suddenly pointed aloft.

Lanier looked. His face went dead white. Around the crater a hundred or more savage faces peered down. The tribesmen! The guardians of this ancient mine! They were quiet, immobile, but the boys could see scores of deadly blowguns. They were trapped!

"Well," said Perry ruefully, "I guess we're in a sort of spot."

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Lanier was beside himself. "Good gosh, I guess we are in a spot! We can't climb out and we can't go through the fire! I—"

"Hey!" Perry interrupted. "Toss me the end of that cable." Lanier did so. Perry fastened it to the kayak.

"Now look, Lanier," he said, "I'm going to try something. You hang on to the cable. Give me about fifteen minutes, then pull the kryak back to you and pile in."

"Lanier gasped. "You mean—
through those flames!"

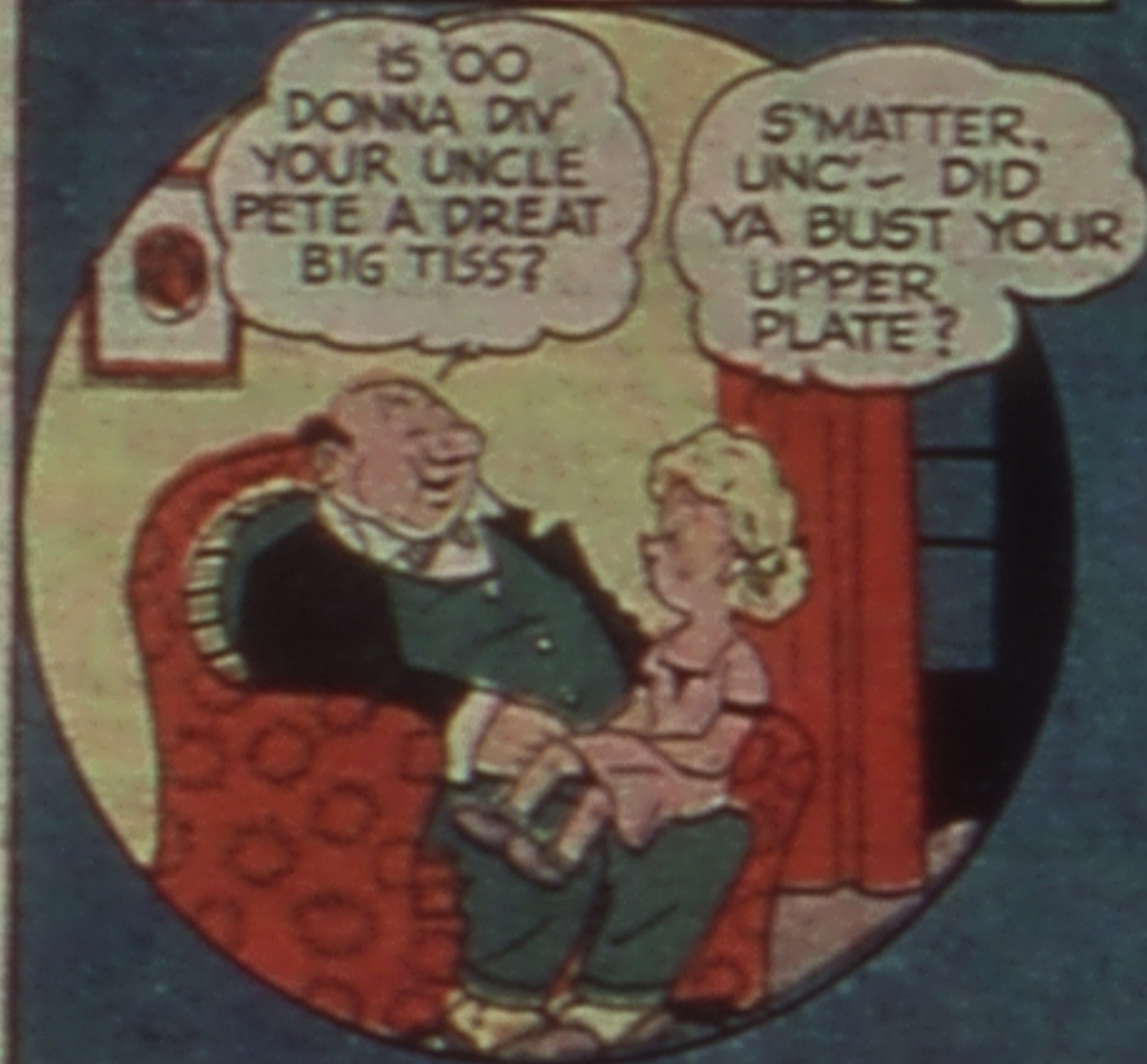
"Maybe it'll be a little warm, but it's going to get pretty warm around here, son!" He indicated the savages above. Then he climbed into the kayak, fastened the water-proof leather around him and pushed off.

"Toodle-oo! I'll be seeing you on 'tother side." Then he was off, paddling swiftly. Just before he reached the fire, he turned over and disappeared. Lanier waited, then pulled the empty kayak to him and crawled in.

Once more out of danger, the two boys trudged back to the cutter. Petry Scott carried his kayak like it was something precious. And indeed it was. It had saved their lives!

Read THE KILLER in the
August issue of FEATURE
COMICS - on sale June 26th.

ONLY KIDDIN'



Captain Bruce Blackburn COUNTERSPY

WORKING TIRELESSLY TO GUARD OUR NATION'S SECRETS IS OUR ARMY OF COUNTER-SPIES, MEN TRAINED IN THE ART OF CATCHING SPIES.

THE BEST AMERICAN COUNTERSPY, CAPT. BRUCE BLACKBURN, IS OFFICIALLY DEAD!

ACTUALLY, BRUCE AND LT JACKSON ARE VERY MUCH ALIVE! THEIR FACES ALTERED BY PLASTIC SURGERY, THEY ARE NOW IDENTICAL TWINS. AIDED BY SERGT CURK, THEY USE AN ANTIQUE SHOP FOR A "FRONT"....

The
HEARING
EYE

YOU, THERE! STOP!

HE DROPPED
HIS BRIEFCASE!

NEAR THE WAR DEPARTMENT...

HOLY SMOKE! IF THIS IS WHAT IT SEEMS TO BE, COL. JORDAN MUST HAVE IT IMMEDIATELY!



IT CAN'T BE! NO NOTES WERE TAKEN AT THIS SECRET CONFERENCE! YET HERE IS A RECORD OF WHAT WAS SAID!



THE CHIEF OF ARMY INTELLIGENCE

HMMM! SO NO NOTES WERE TAKEN! YET THIS IS A TRANSCRIPTION OF THE MEETING?



AT THE FAKE ANTIQUE SHOP

THAT'S RIGHT, BRUCE. WE MUST STOP THAT LEAK!

COLONEL JORDAN, LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THAT ROOM WHERE THE CONFERENCE WAS HELD!



LEAVING BY A SECRET EXIT.

CERTAINLY, BRUCE!

NO DICTOGRAPHS OR WIRES... IT WASN'T DONE THAT WAY! LET ME SEE THAT RECORD AGAIN, COLONEL...



HERE IT IS, BRUCE.

AFTER A THOROUGH SEARCH OF THE CONFERENCE ROOM—

HMMM! YOU WERE AT THIS CONFERENCE, YET THERE IS NO RECORD OF WHAT YOU SAID! COLONEL, WHERE WERE YOU SEATED?



IN FRONT OF THAT WINDOW!



I HAD AN IDEA! HAVE A
PRESS CONFERENCE ARRANGED
FOR TONIGHT!
I'LL CALL IT
FOR 8:00 P.M.



8:00 P.M. THAT NIGHT, IN A ROOM
ABOVE THE CONFERENCE ROOM.



LIGHTS BLAZE ON IN
THE CONFERENCE ROOM



IT'S NOW OR NEVER! --- AH!

WHILE BRUCE WATCHES---



---HE SEES WHAT HE
WAS LOOKING FOR---
A WINDOW GOES DARK!



TENTH FLOOR, CORNER ROOM,
HOTEL ST. REGIS, EH? I'M
ON MY WAY OVER!!



TEN OUT!



THIS IS THE ROOM! THIS
'TELEGRAM' GAG'S AS
GOOD AS ANY---

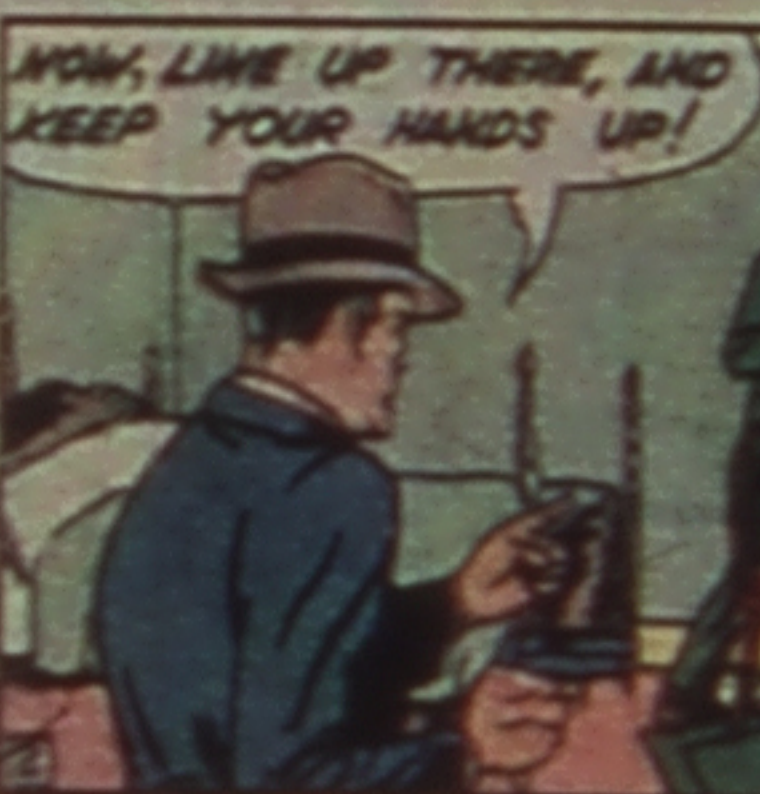


WHO EES THERE?

TELEGRAM
SIR!



BRUCE CRASHES
INTO THE ROOM!



NOW, LINE UP THERE, AND
KEEP YOUR HANDS UP!

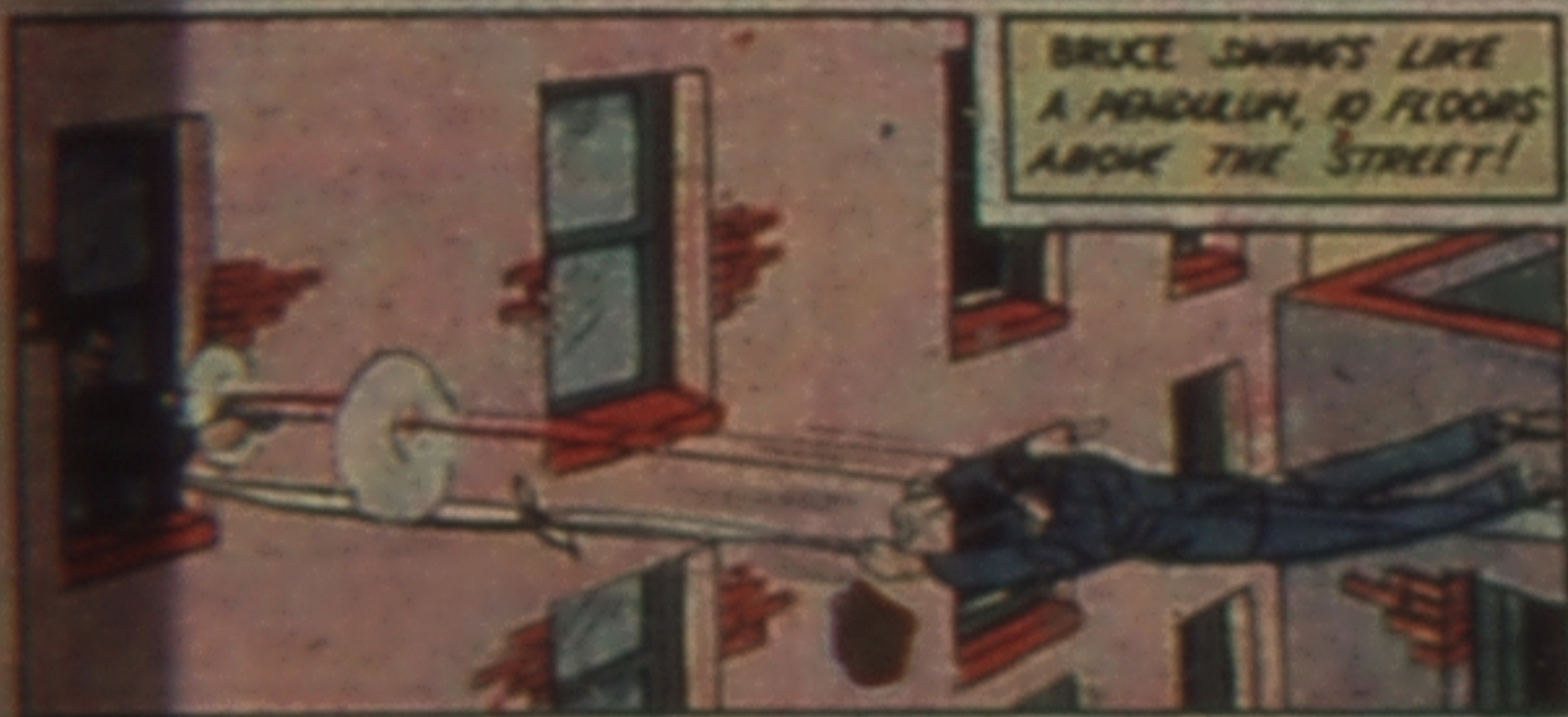


WHAT MEANS
THEES?

INSIDE THE CORNER
ROOM ON THE 10TH FLOOR







RUSTY HAWK

of Boyville

I HAVE TO GO UP TO THE OLD MINE FOR SOME IRON ORE, SWILEY. NEED IT FOR MY CHEMISTRY WORK. ...

WAIT FOR ME... I HAVEN'T BEEN UP TO THE MINE IN A LONG TIME.



SAY, RUSTY... WANTA HEAR A SPOOKY STORY I READ ABOUT A MINE?

YES... I KNOW... BUT YOU CAN'T SCARE ME!



AS RUSTY AND SWILEY REACH THE MINE

RUSTY! LOOK AT THIS... ON THE GROUND!

WHAT?



FOOTPRINTS?? OH... PROBABLY SOMEBODY CAME IN HERE OUT OF THE RAIN! C'MON...



B-BUT... WHAT WOULD ANYONE BE DOING WAY UP HERE IN THE WOODS?

HUNTING I GUESS...



SWILEY!! THERE'S A LIGHT IN THERE!

I GUESS! WHAT?



AS RUSTY AND SWILEY MOVE NEARER THE CAVE ENTRANCE, THEY HEAR VOICES...

QUIT BAWLING KID. IT GETS ON MY NERVES!



BUT I WANT TO GO HOME!

YOU WILL? AS SOON AS YOUR OLD MAN FORKS OVER W' FIFTY GRAND!



LAY OFF THE KID ROCKY... THIS IS NO PICNIC FOR HER!

WHAT'S A MATTER, HANK... GON' SOFTIE?



NO! I JUST DON'T LIKE THIS KIND OF BUSINESS... IT'S ROTTEN. IF I HAD KNOWN WHAT YOU WERE UP TO I WOULDN'T HAVE GONE IN WITH YOU!

YEAH? BUT THAT'S TOO LATE NOW!





A SHORT TIME LATER, HALF A DOZEN BOYS WALKED ABOUT RUSTY AND SHALEY!



HIS PLAN TO RESCUE THE GIRL AND TRAP THE KIDNAPERS ALL SET, RUSTY ENTERS THE MINE.



SHE'S STILL SITTING IN THE SAME PLACE.....



OH! SH-H-H... I'VE COME TO HELP YOU! MOVE YOUR FEET BACK SO I CAN UNTIE THEM!



THEY'LL SHOOT YOU IF THEY FIND YOU HERE!



THE TUG ROCKY HEARS THE GIRL MUMBLED...



WHAT'D YOU SAY, KID?

ER... I-I SAID I WISH I WERE HOME!...

OH... WELL, KEEP QUIET!



GULP! I THOUGHT WE WERE DONE FOR THEM!



THERE... YOUR LEGS ARE UNTIED... GET SET TO RUN....



HEY... SOMEBODY'S TALKIN' TO THAT KID!

I HEARD SOMETHIN' TOO... C'MON... WE'D BETTER TAKE A LOOK!



RUSTY SEES THE TUGS MOVING TOWARD THEM AND GRABS THE GIRL'S ARM.



I TOLD YOU! WHY THE LITTLE BRAT SHE WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!



OH-H-H... NOT SO FAST!

SORRY... BUT THEY'RE RIGHT AFTER US!





SAMAR

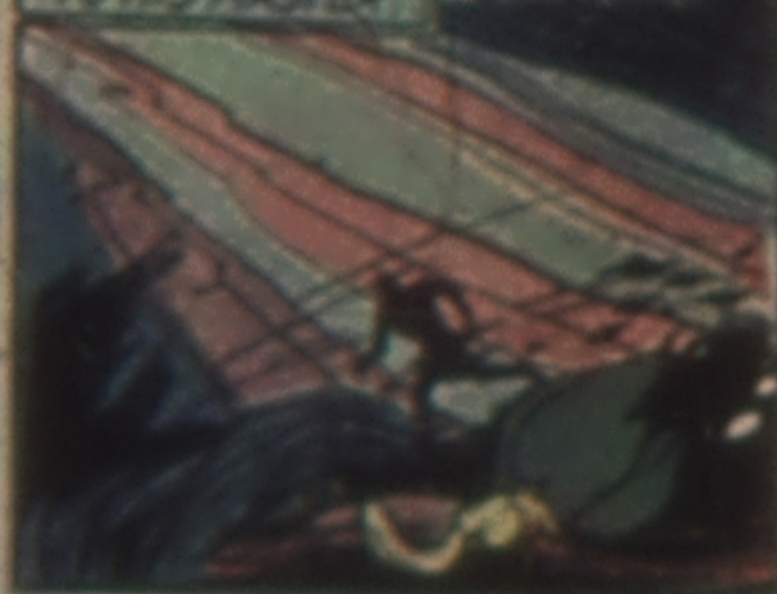
BY
JOHN CHARLES

FEARLESSLY AND ALONE, THE
MYSTERIOUS WHITE MAN,
SAMAR, RULES UNDISPUTED
OVER THE VAST AND SAVAGE
JUNGLE.

A TROPIC STORM WHIPS THROUGH THE JUNGLE IN A BLACK
FURY OF LASHING WINDS AND DRENCHING RAIN.



A LONE SCOUT CRASHES
THROUGH THE JUNGLE WITH
AN IMPORTANT MESSAGE
TO HIS MASTER.



BUT LYING IN WAIT IN THE TREE
TOPS, STRANGE FIGURES PEER
AT THE RUNNER.

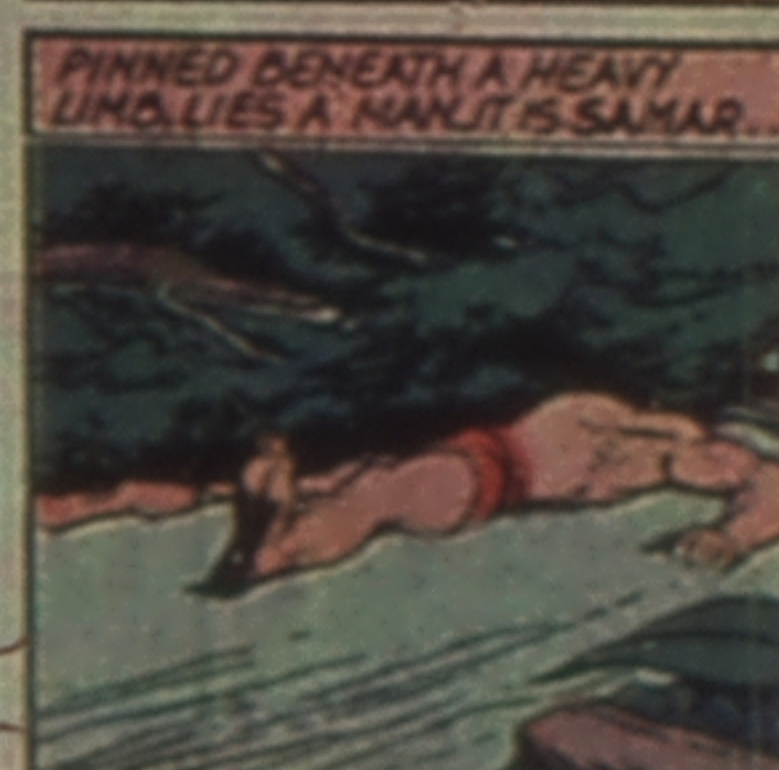


THE PANTHER
MEN!



HIS CRIES ARE SILENCED AS
HE FALLS BENEATH THE VIOLENT
ASSAULT OF THE PANTHER MEN.







DURING THE STRUGGLE THE SON OF HOLDIN IS CRUELLY STRUCK FROM BEHIND.



AND WHISKED SILENTLY AWAY THROUGH THE DENSE FOLIAGE.



WHERE IS LAN?
LAN! LAN!



NAKO RECEIVES HIS CAPTIVE IN THE SECRET CAVE OF HIS OUTLAW SOCIETY.



THROW HIM INTO THE PANTHER PIT!



STRUGGLING IN VAIN, LAN IS DRAGGED TO THE EDGE OF A DEEP PIT.



HE STARES IN HORROR AT THE SNARLING BEAST BELOW.



SUDDENLY SAMAR SWINGS FROM A TREE TO THE CAVE'S MOUTH.



AS LAN IS HURLED TO HIS DEATH-TRAP, SAMAR LEAPS.

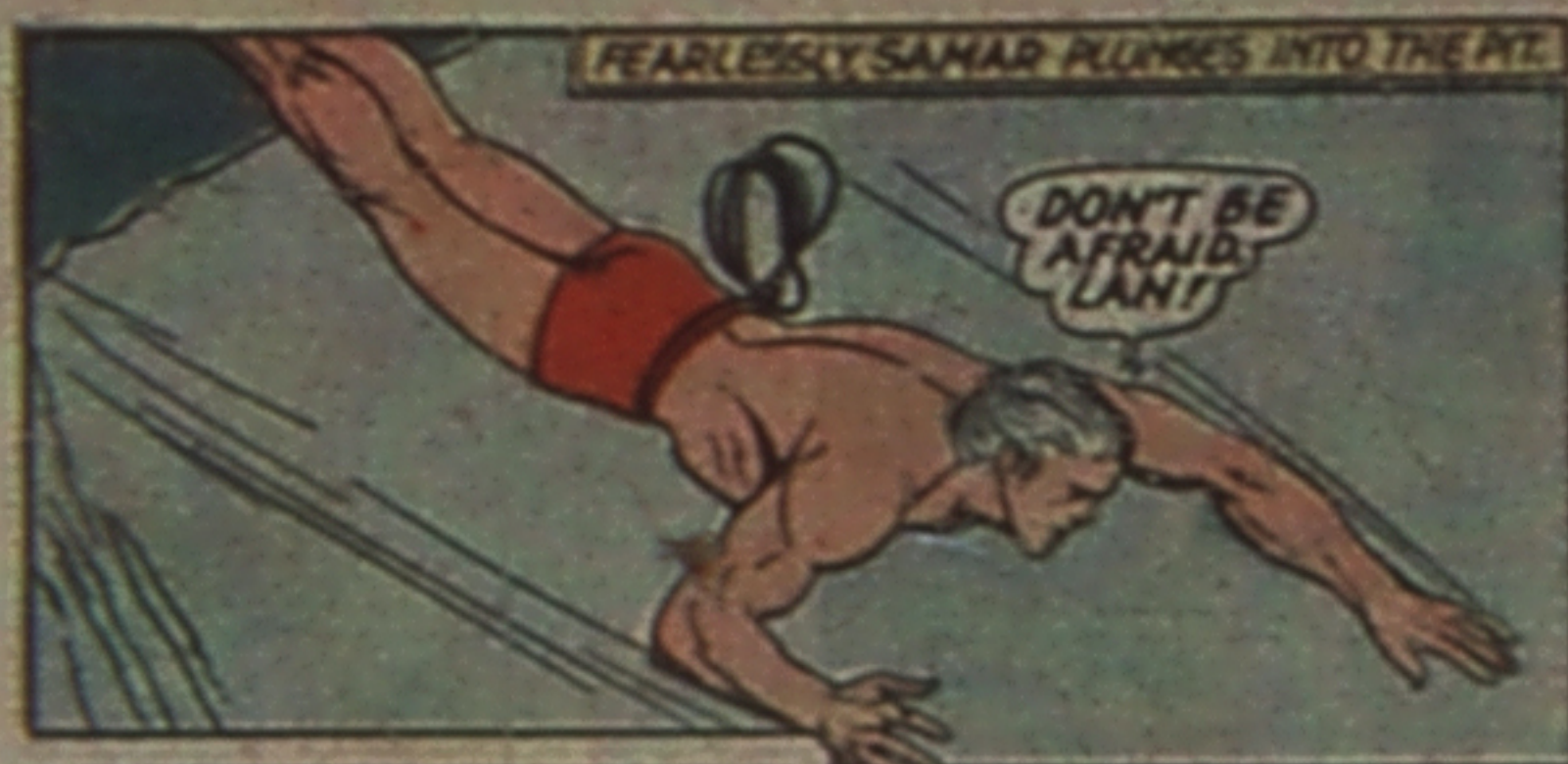


WITH ONE STROKE HE KNOCKS THE PANTHER MEN TO THE GROUND, DAZED.



BUT IN THE PIT THE BLACK PANTHER CROUCHES FOR A LEAP.





ZOWEEE! LOOK AT TED ON HIS SWELL NEW COLUMBIA!

• Boy, Oh, Boy! What a bike this new 1940 Columbia is. It's got that rarin'-to-go motorcycle look. See how that tank is streamlined into the racy-built frame. Look at those deeper, wider fenders... those flashing colors... that sturdy frame built for he-man service. It's a knockout from stem to stern—it's got everything a boy wants in a bike, and it rides the roads like a bird on the wing. Take your Dad to a Columbia dealer today. He knows how good Columbias are. And write for the Free Booklet A-4, "How To Care For Your Bicycle", THE WESTFIELD MANUFACTURING COMPANY, WESTFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS.

Look for this seal on a Genuine Columbia...the best known name in bicycles.

Columbia

AMERICA'S
FIRST BICYCLE

FIRST IN 1877 • FIRST IN 1940



WHEN YOUR GRAND-DAD,
WAS JUST A LAD,
THE BIKES WERE HIGH AND SCARY.
THERE WERE NO MAKES,
WITH COASTER BRAKES
AND FALLING WASN'T MERRY!



BUT DAD'S FIRST BIKE,
WAS VERY LIKE,
THE ONES WE RIDE TODAY ON,
AND HUSKY-CHESTED,
FANCY-VESTED,
GENTS CONTRIVED TO STAY ON



ITS MORROW BRAKE,
WAS BUILT TO TAKE,
THE HARDEST KIND OF ROUGHING
TO SPEED, AND STOP,
AND CLIMB THE TOP,
OF HILLS THAT GOT THEM PUFFING



SO SHOW YOUR PA,
OR UNK OR MA,
THIS BRAKE ADVICE I'M TELLING—
YOUR SHOP CAN GET,
THIS BRAKE, YOU BET,
ON ANY BIKE THEY'RE SELLING!

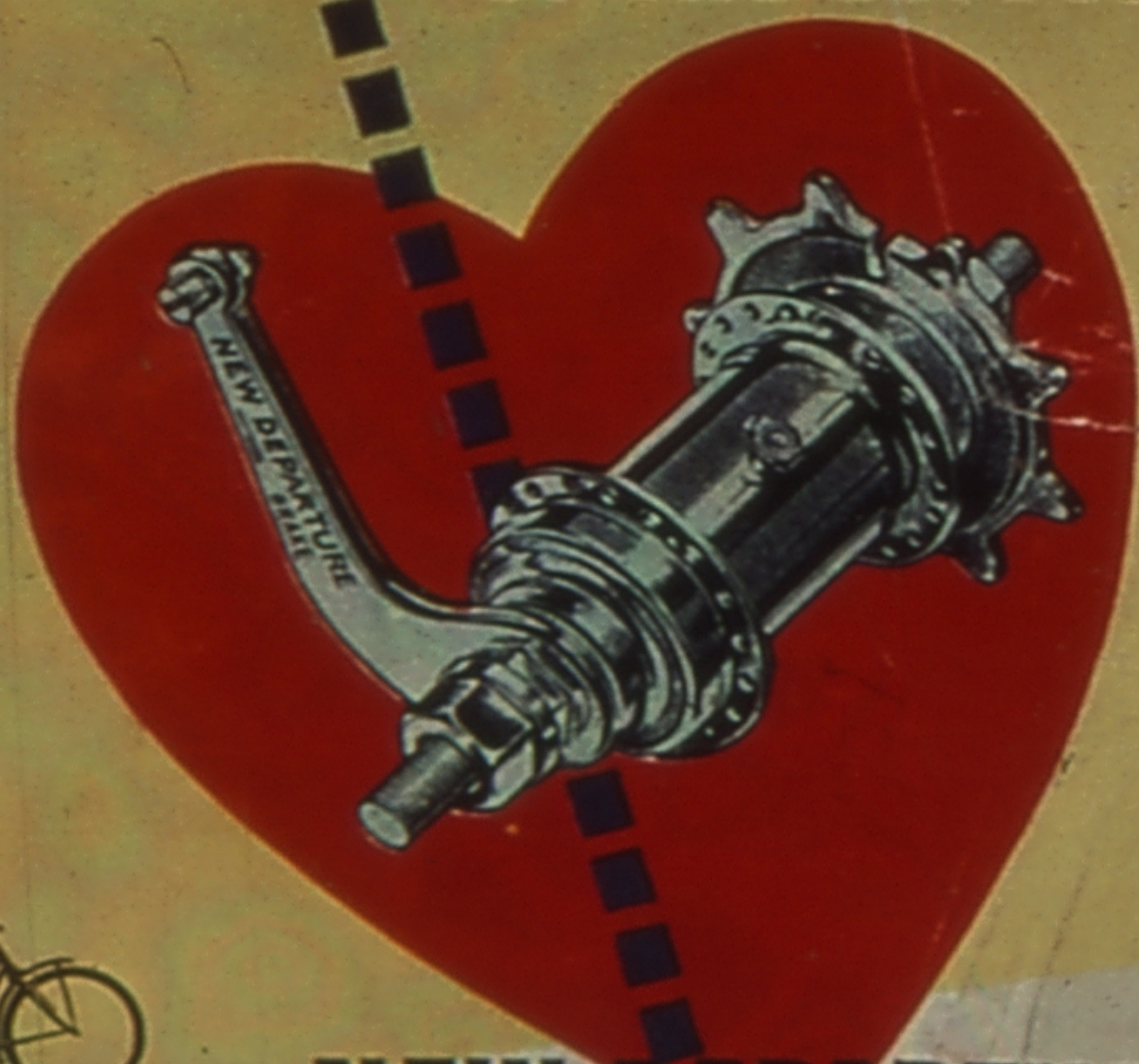
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Removes fat 40 years! Quick stopping,
easy pedaling, long coasting, more ball
bearings (31) than any other brake. Your
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